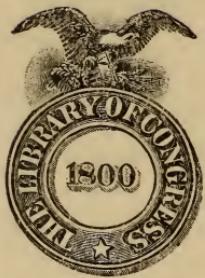


The Scholar's Larger Life

JAMES L. HILL

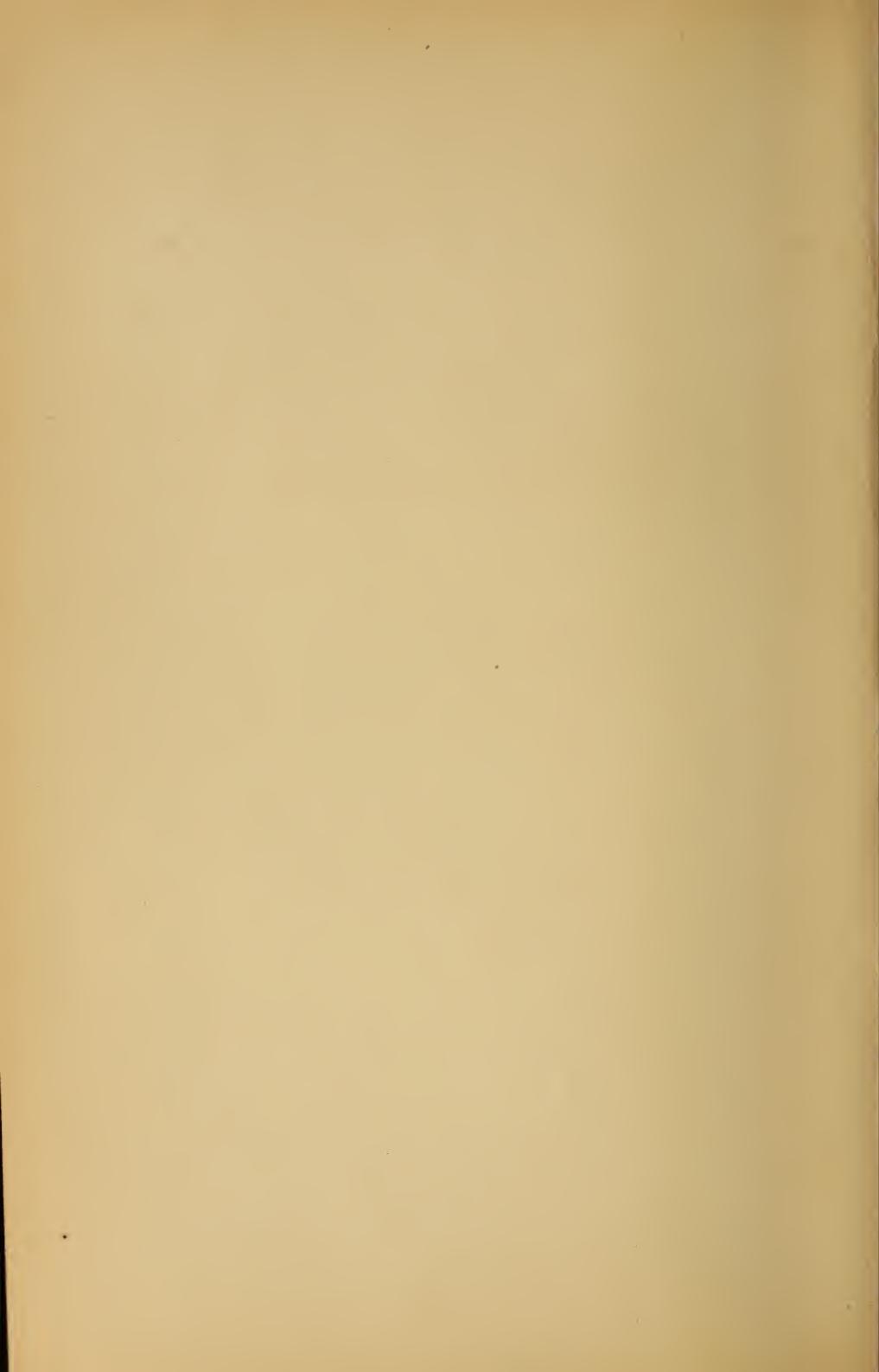


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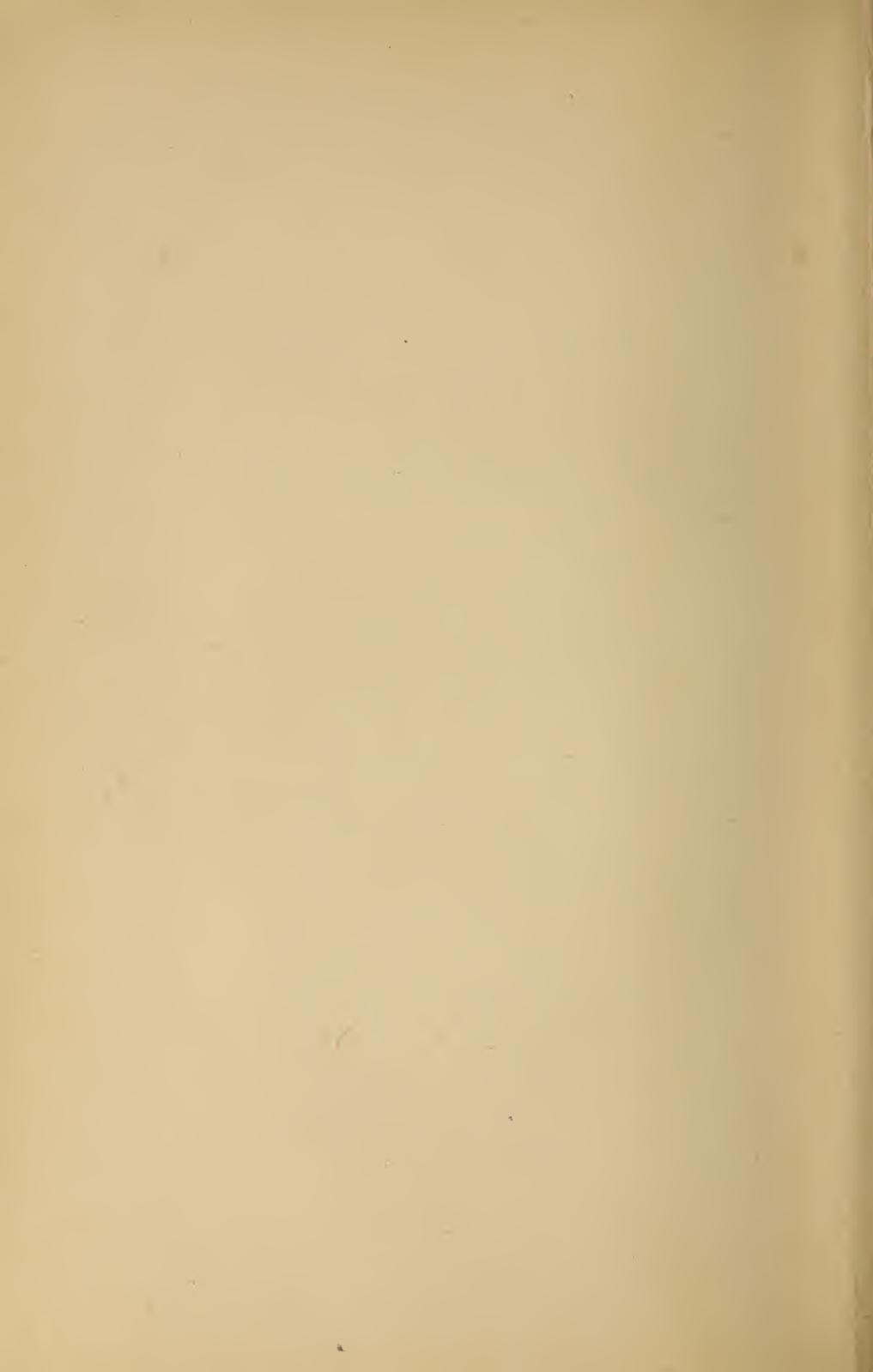
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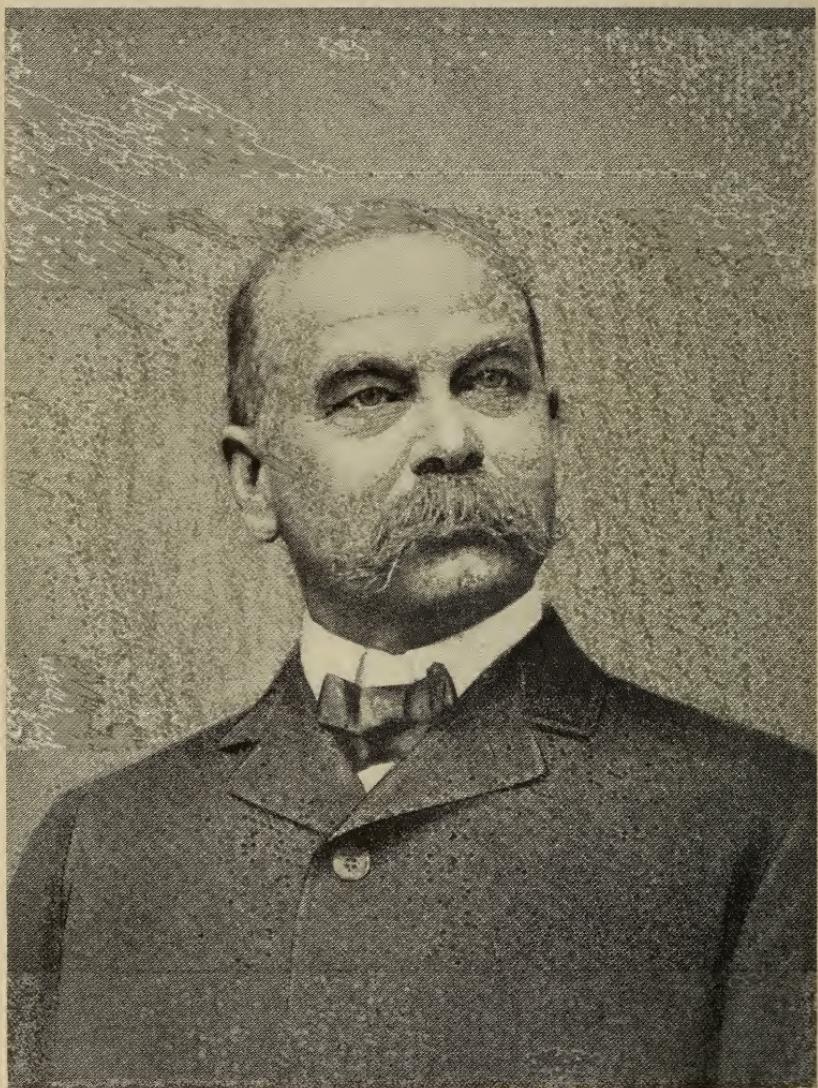
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THE SCHOLAR'S LARGER LIFE





James L. Hile

The Scholar's Larger Life

By
James L. Hill, D. D.

Author of

*The Worst Boys in Town, Revisiting the Earth,
Favorites of History, The Immortal Seven,
The Century's Capstone, Boys in the Late War,
A Crowning Achievement.*



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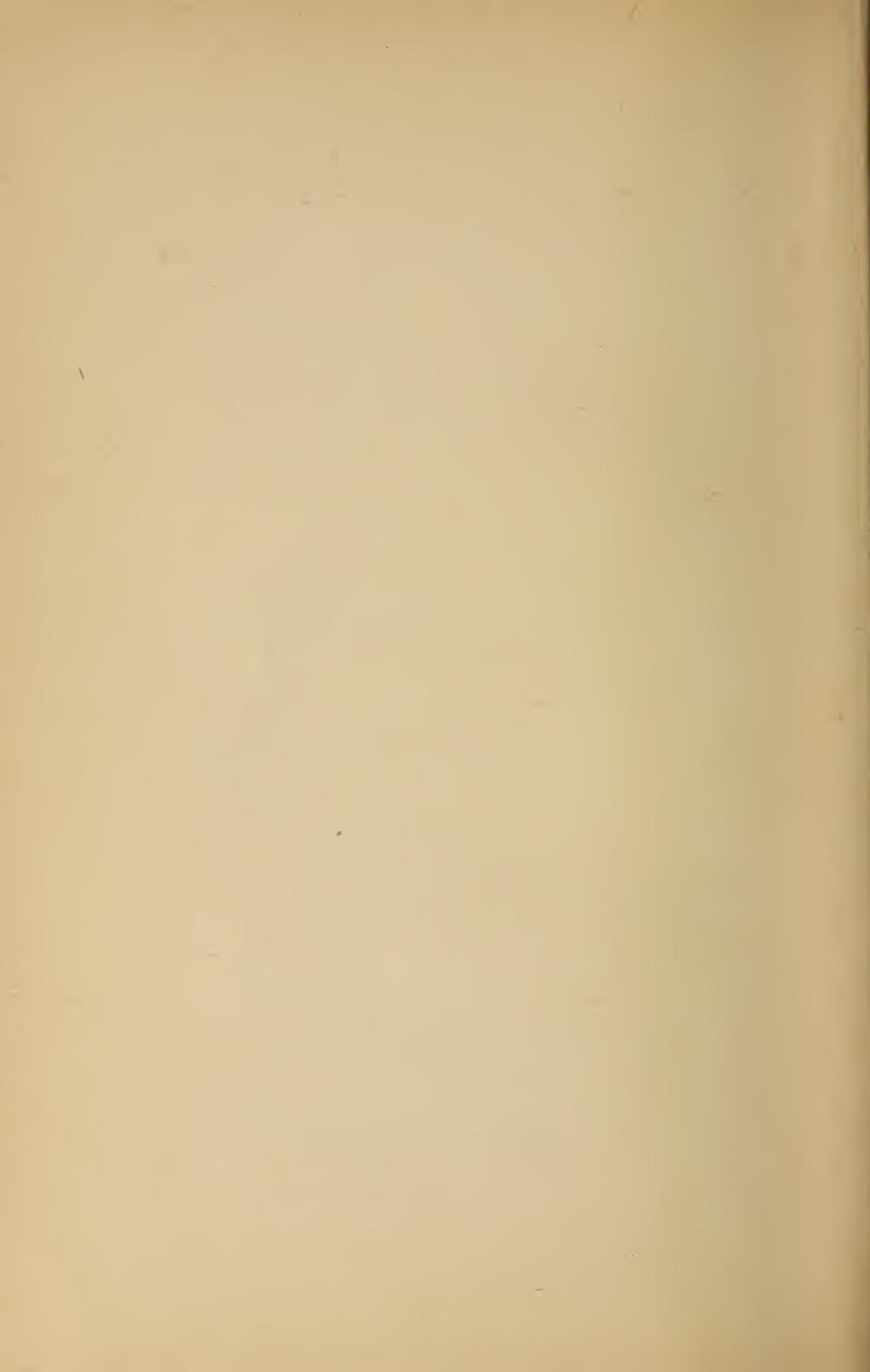
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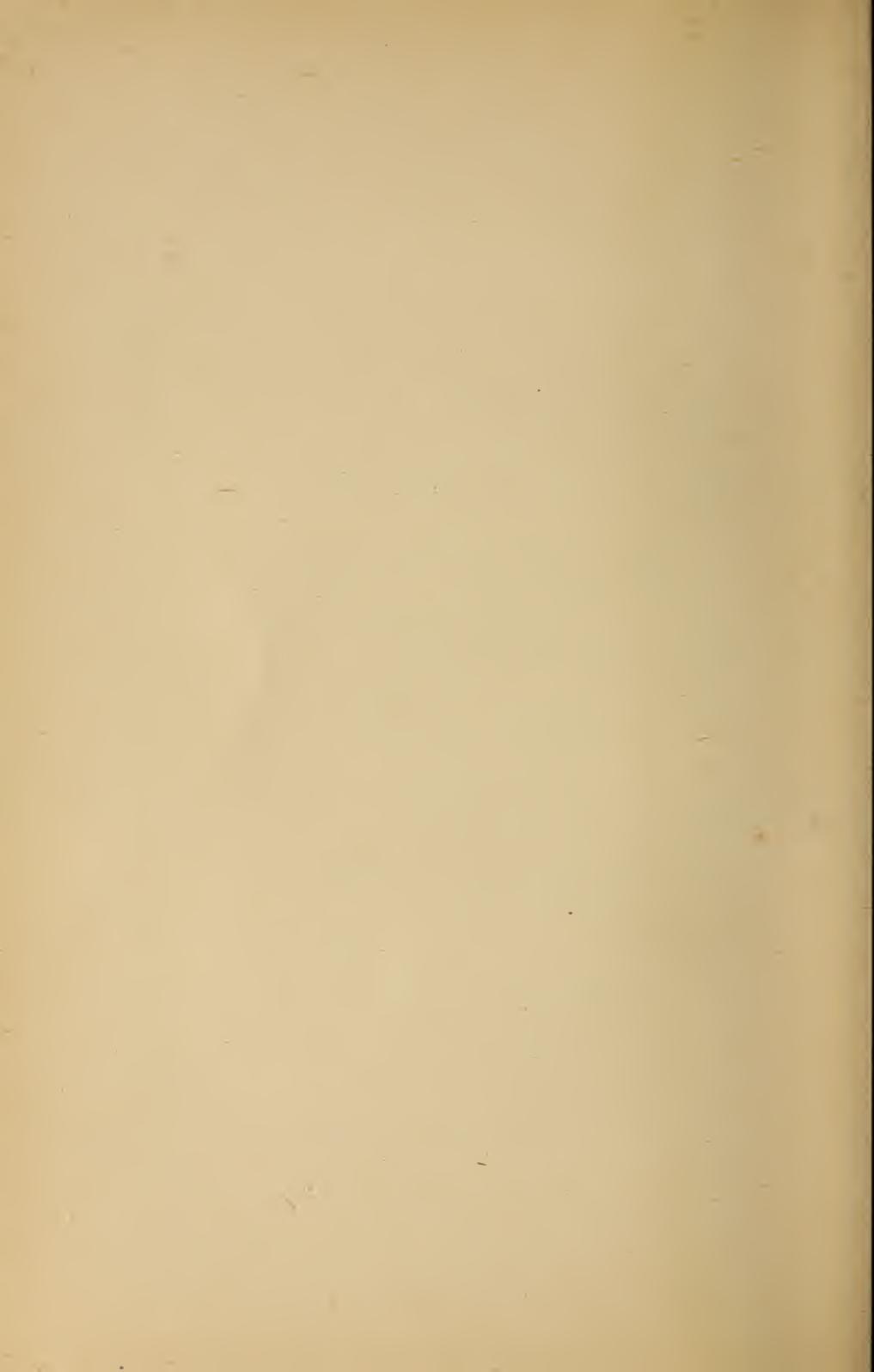
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“Go, little book, God send thee good passage.”



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Introduction

The warm recognition and the public favor given to the several parts of this volume abundantly justify the editor in making this compilation. Happily the to-be-or-not-to-be of this publication does not rest upon the opinion of any one individual. When a procedure that touches the people is proposed, it is the custom to grant a "hearing." To the reader some credible witnesses are introduced. What are these among so many? We bind up the available evidence in a sheaf as we cannot use a tithe of it. The bulk of it might be mistaken for a portion of the book. The scriptural number of completeness is seven. To that requirement accordingly, in an appendix to this volume, an attempt is made to limit the testimonials. As Shakespeare says,

"See what they be.
Read them."

MRS. JAMES L. HILL.

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Salem, Mass.



I

THE SCHOLAR'S LARGER LIFE

When the sisters of Mendelssohn asked him, in Berlin, to recount to them some of his experiences in the Hebrides he seated himself at the piano, saying as he began to play, "And this is what I saw." A year later, under the sunny skies of Italy this theme grew into the magnificent "Overture to the Caves of Fingal" but the passion of it possessed him from the day he visited the basaltic caverns of the western isles of Scotland. What men first want is a new interest and when that is given it may voice itself in deeds or in "Songs Without Words." There is a difference in flavor between two books when, on the one hand a man has something he feels he must say and on the other hand for the sake of being an author he wants to say something. All high education, my young friends, must be self moved. Let us have a good appetite before we take nourishment. Once create a thirst for knowledge and it will find its own satisfaction. An awakening here is the dawn of culture. "Murder will out," exclaims the proverb, but this is no peculiarity of murder. Education will out or one's lack of it. A classical enthusiasm will out and so will what I shall call "The Spontaneous Element in Education."

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Young friends, there is a practical world all about us, that without pause or rest is crying out, Do something! Do something! Oh, do something! But brothers and sisters mine, we must first be something before we can do something. All the strain today comes on the personality. It used to make but little difference by whom a thing was said if it was only the truth. Time was when God could use the saddle animal which Balaam rode in rebuking the madness of a prophet and he used a serpent even, at the first in Eden. But it is different now. As a man is, so is his strength. When a bank check is laid upon the counter the thought instinctively rises, "Let me be careful to see who is behind it." And when a man expresses an opinion today the world's attitude is, "Let's see, who are you?" On going into a building which Raffaelle was adorning with frescoes, Michael Angelo observed that the figures were much too small to be in keeping with the size of the room. The elder artist took a crayon and sketched on the wall a colossal head in proportion to the vast spaces to be filled, and wrote beneath it the simple word "Amplius." That one word contains the burden of my message today—"Amplius," I have phrased it, "Larger."

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It must be evident to all of you who are observers of the present shaping of events that the graduates who are now coming upon the field of action are destined to live in stirring times. During

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your day will probably be wrought out a more general and vital change in the condition of society than has been effected in any one epoch since the beginning of the Christian Era. A work of preparation has been going on for the past few years in sociology and economics, in practical art, in the discovery of Roentgen Photography, in commerce and travel; in the circulation of intelligence in political principles; in criticism and the general advancement of average people, the results of which remain to be elaborated. New questions of home policy are coming to the front above currency, civil service reform or even the tariff. The rays may converge to a focus during the active life of those whom today I specially address. It is a great thing to live at such a period as this. It is in some respects a great privilege. Anyway, it carries a vast responsibility. Blessed are the graduates of today. Since coming on this campus I have wished myself among you. Blessed are ye, that shall still be young when the new epoch, about to open, is ushered in. Most of you will tarry for its dawning in the professional schools. With it you will begin your public and active life. Blessed among men and women are ye whose lives are all before you.

For your career everything yet done seems only preparative. May I point this out to you in some five particulars?

I. More has been done in touching other nations through foreign missions during the lifetime

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of persons still living than in all the united history of the planet before.

II. During the lifetime of the members of this graduating class, I mean in twenty years, more copies of the Sacred Scriptures have been printed and distributed than in all the centuries combined since the morning stars sang together and the Sons of God shouted for joy.

III. During the fast fleeting years, since the revival of 1857, which was laic in its genesis and conduct, through commissions and a vast number of associations and societies more has been done to bring laymen into power and recognition than in all our Christian annals together.

IV. More has been done by philanthropists, salvation armies and students of social conditions for the good of men at the bottom of society, for the submerged tenth, for those defeated in the battle of life, than in all the added years since Apostolic voice rang out in the hearing of the brotherhood of man, "Seek ye one another's good."

V. More has been done to introduce young people into Christian work than in all the time together since God rested from His creative labor and called its product good.

In the ruins of Baalbec, thirty-six miles north of Damascus, there was once a temple in the process of construction that must have been the wonder of the earth. Not remote is a quarry and there may be seen nearly detached the largest pillar in the

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world of but a single stone. Here, on the one hand, in the temple is a niche still waiting for it; there, on the other hand, in the quarry is the pillar large and beautifully proportioned. It has been lying there for forty centuries and is a symbol of all who fail to reach the intended place marked for them by divine appointment. Here in this class is the graduate and somewhere is the niche. Your usefulness and plan are only perfected when you come to stand in your place as designed by heaven.

Most of you, in days of recuperation and privilege will, at some time or another, undoubtedly stand in the senate chamber of the ducal palace of that ancient republic of Venice and there, in that amazing presence, will gaze upon the seventy-six Doges there portrayed. Each picture has a complimentary inscription attached, until you come in the brilliant succession to a space that is black and blank. Here are the words: "Hic Locus Marini Falero." Here is the place that should have been filled by Marini Falero. It seems cruel to keep that pitiless inscription posted there, since the unhappy man has been in his grave five hundred years, who, by his own criminal shortcoming, obstructed his elevation to the place that the God of history intended him to fill. The most disappointing alumnus that a college like this can carry is a blank young man. Resolve for Alma Mater's sake as well as for your own that you will not be a cipher, but a significant figure. In Washington they exhibit, in

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the treasury department, a bank note of large denomination that has been allowed to remain unfilled — suggesting what it might be, but isn't. Be not thou like unto that. It is the great good fortune of this noble college that good material comes here to be moulded. The newer the soil the better the wheat. It is likely to be graded A No. 1 hard. There is no more perfect democratic community on earth, as has been shown, than an American fresh water college. Every one is rated for what he is and treated accordingly. No accident of wealth, position or family environment counts for much beyond what his personal worth warrants. Woe to the man who appears to stand upon an artificial basis or who has any unfortunate peculiarities or mannerisms. Some irreverent undergraduate is sure to blurt out an appellation that contains some stinging truth and his victim must carry it as long as his connection with the college lasts. If the Prince of Wales or some young son of an English Duke were to enter an American college, the boys would size him up in twenty-four hours and put him where he belongs. The college is a small world in itself where real worth is recognized irrespective of conditions of birth and breeding. Public sentiment is here all powerful, and may you have been so schooled that you will not be careless respecting it. Where the majority of the students are of the earnest determined type and are not cursed with too much money, and have come from good homes and

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of good stock, their future is assured. I have no better wish for you than that you should maintain what, for the want of a name, I will call "The College Spirit." It is illustrated in its perfection by what in your baseball contests with the faculty you call team work. One of you is willing to go down at second base if another can, by your sacrifice, get home. A man will prostrate himself before an approaching football wedge, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud steps be stayed;" if the advance of the opposing V, or in this presence to be more classical, the Alexandrian phalanx can be heaped up. A witness described football as the game where they carry the ball and kick one another. He said he did not know when a ball was kicked properly, but that he did know when a man was kicked improperly. In athletics the great thing is to pull together. A defensive play never won a football game. Men are taught they should watch the ball and play closer and support one another. A baseball player in the Boston nine was expelled not long ago for indifference to the game. He must not have his whole desires for personal success regardless of what befalls others. When he takes a side he must not say "mine," but "ours." Winning ball can be played in no other way. A crew must stand for co-operation and self-sacrifice. They must stick together like brothers and be built like a watch. You recall how it is with the Esquimau dogs, every one

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is tied by a separate rope to the sledge, and each dog goes according to his own inclination. This primitive kind of hitch, where one may pull all the load, will never be popular as civilization advances. Did you ever watch the Yale men in the boats at New London? The precision with which they move is as if the hands holding the oars were attached to some automatic machinery. Such unison does not come by chance.

No one man alone can win. "Let not the solitary man," says Goethe, "think that he can accomplish anything." Shakespeare makes Coriolanus say, "Begone ye fragments!" No man can be great alone. No one can get rich alone. No man can be a Christian alone. "When bad men combine," said Burke, "good men must associate." The saloon is always the saloon. It is always united. It has no quarrels. The large dealer stands by the small dealer. People may denounce machine politics as they please, but organization beats disorganization. Guerilla warfare always succumbs to concerted action and discipline. In the great battle of Emperors at Austerlitz, Napoleon won solely because he had, by organization, welded his army into a thunder-bolt. With outward circumstances wholly adverse the colony of Pilgrims at Plymouth succeeded by making common cause. Thus striving they founded a nation.

They believed in the power of "Together," and if I were to select from the burden of my message

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to you today a single sentence which I could wish to have etched on the fleshy tablets of your hearts (as filled with hope you go forth to make the choices which shall determine your contribution to the welfare of mankind and your permanence in the recollection of mankind) it would be this. Young men and women, the effect of your life's work, your individual success and influence and power will depend more on what you identify yourself with than upon any other single condition whatsoever. What would Paul be without his identification with the Christian gospel? What would Columbus be without his relations to a new continent? Do you not see that by as much as you derogate from his peculiar relations as discoverer, you subtract from his claim upon remembrance? What is Watt without his engine? What is Fulton without his steam-boat? What is Morse, or Cyrus Field without electric telegraph and cable? What is Lincoln except for identification with emancipation and a reunited nation? If this item does not seem as significant to you as it does to me, I can better impress the thought if I turn it around. I have a New England orator in mind whom, except for the proprieties of the occasion I would name, who in the first section of his life identified himself with the pioneers to Bleeding Kansas. No one was so eloquent a champion of our brother in Black. As his closest ally he visited often the room of William Lloyd Garrison where,

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“Unfriended and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types a poor unlearned young man.
The place was dark, unfurnitured and mean;
Yet there the freedom of a race began.”

Now, while our orator was identified with a great cause he took dignity and quality and renown from it. But emancipation being past, he allied himself with a large number of relatively unimportant and doubtful issues and seemed to many, except by reminiscence, a very ordinary individual, without much of a message, lingering belated on the stage of life. In himself he was as great in the last cause as in the first. His powers were better developed, his utterance more affluent, his prestige and influence unspeakably enhanced; yet all the while he, the possessor of uncommon gifts, was becoming smaller. Let me hammer on that nail again, young friends, your success and power will be determined by what you identify yourself with.

Just here, all my powers of self-restraint must be reinforced by the liveliest sense of what befits this august occasion, to dissuade me from becoming a special pleader in behalf of a score of great causes that reach out their hands to you in perishing need. The world's great want today is the leadership of educated men. The cause, for example, of the workingman, he certainly has some kind of a cause, has been left to the Sandlots Demagogue, enthusiastic to be sure, but ignorant brethren, and narrow. It is believed in New England that if a man is not comprehensive enough to grasp any other question, he

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becomes an apostle of the gospel of temperance; a cause that needs not his ignorance, but a leadership that ought to fall only to educated men. Nor has the Christian college engaged in making good citizens as she should. To have now a patriotic revival is one of the new responsibilities of educated men. The Christian scholar is a citizen of two kingdoms and owes duties to both. He may pray right, but he often votes wrong, or not at all. The public conscience is even now but half awake. Cities still exist in which a horde of unscrupulous adventurers have taken possession of the political machinery. America's starving need is of The Larger Life of the Scholar, exhibiting him in politics and in affairs.

But by reason of these four years of cloistered life you are fearfully exposed to several snares. Let me enumerate a few of what I will call "The mistakes of educated men." First, is what we know in New England as "Harvard Indifference." It was not from their forefathers, as has been eloquently shown that the collegians in our foremost seat of learning got this poor quality. It never came across the sea in the Mayflower with the early settlers. It is the opposite of that stubborn strength of character and of that burning zeal which sent Endicott and Winthrop and Bradford and Brewster to a wilderness to found a nation of their descendants — the embattled farmers to Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Yorktown and Appomattox. It is the contempt for all that eagerness of heart and life which inspires

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the young enthusiast when first "He quits his ease for fame and lives laborious days." "I do not love a man," says Goldsmith, "who is zealous for nothing." In the presence of a great issue, "Harvard Indifference" is no longer ridiculous, it is pitiful. Long indulged, it becomes ingrained in the character. It is a great maker of bad citizens. It was because students of Latin and Greek and the Differential Calculus have been so unpractical, so juiceless, so dyspeptic, so uninteresting and ninterested that Horace Greeley was goaded into saying, "Of all horned cattle, deliver me from the college graduate."

A worse mistake of educated men is the early development of a hypercritical repressive habit of mind which is characteristically and unvaryingly displeased; which arrogates to itself a sort of mental and moral censorship. It criticizes everything and suggests nothing. It is debilitating and suffocating to youth and finds its largest expression from the ranks of the unappreciated. It develops the idea that nothing is to be done worth doing, except in a way that it never yet was done. If destructive criticism demolished only what it does not like (and it is a no-one-to-love feeling) I would not tarry to defend you against it. But it is invariably self-destructive. If, as you begin to write an essay, you begin with the same moment to exercise a critical judgment, there will be no essay. Produce your essay before you judge it. It is a law of art that a picture is not to be judged by its faults. It may be still a great

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picture and stand with the ten masterpieces of the world. "Our Harvard way," said Phillips Brooks, "is on the whole to treat life on its negative side. We are more afraid of believing something that we ought not to believe than of not believing something we ought to believe." But, friends, the world wants today the man that does things. The graduate we wait for is he who brings things to pass. The man for the times is the one who succeeds in doing the thing to be done.

Another "piece of my mind" which I will exhibit is this: A mistake of educated men is in dwarfing yourselves, your living interests, your observation and studies down to that subdivision of labor which your specialty presents. When men of the same class and of the same interests herd exclusively together, they always degenerate. Here you find, too, a breeding place for bigots, fanatics and cranks. As a board can be easiest carried with its end to the wind, so it is true that any man can be projected farthest who presents the thinnest edge to the world. Once there were lawyers, but now in cities there are criminal lawyers, real estate lawyers, title lawyers, solicitors of patents and, (distinguished even from these) are patent lawyers, and so the line indefinitely extends into a list too long for me to even catalogue. Nor can I quote the column, like oculists, aurists, neurologists or specialists in the practice of medicine. A vocation is now called a pursuit, and you see the figure implied in the word.

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Now, if a man moves only on one line, what shall keep him out of ruts, deep and abiding like those uncovered after eighteen hundred years in the ancient watering place of Pompeii, worn down full half a foot into solid stone. Division of labor has been practiced until it is said that

“ 'Twill employ seven men to make a perfect pin;
Who makes the head, contents to miss the point;
Who makes the point, contents to leave the joining;
And if a man should say, 'I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway, head and point.'
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.
Seven men, then, to a pin and not a man too much.' ”

If one's physical development was as one sided as a man who is only a specialist becomes, he would be pointed out as eccentric and monstrous. He knows the world, as somebody says, “a mite knows cheese.” The mite is born in cheese, lives in cheese, beholds cheese, eats cheese. If he thinks at all his thoughts are of cheese. The cheese press, curds and whey, the frothy pail, the milkmaid, cow and pasture enter not the mite's imagination at all. But in seeking to stimulate in you the development of the “Scholar's Larger Life,” as you are certain to fall into specialties, let me encourage each of you to adopt both a vocation and an avocation. Agriculture was the vocation of the first president of the Republic and he says of it: “Farming is the most useful and the most noble employment of mankind.” It was his avocation, however, that established his unequaled fame. Let a man be a stationer in his vocation and

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in his avocation he may serve upon a school committee or develop the project of a public library or work honestly in his ward caucus, and while through his vocation he earns the meat that perishes, through his avocation he swings an influence that makes life tell till the last syllable of recorded time. This, you see, equalizes callings, for I care not what is a man's vocation if through some avocation he serves his generation. In his vocation a man may be the manufacturer of rubber belting, but in his avocation he may become the founder of Wellesley College. He may be a manufacturer of glue and lay the foundation of Cooper Institute. In his vocation he may be nothing but a tent maker. Would you prescribe for him, then, only a cunning right hand and see no need of philosophic lore, when in his avocation he may become the leading writer of the New Testament and the Chief Apostle to the Gentiles? Would you, or would you not, because his vocation was but a handicraft, deny the man of Tarsus to sit at Gamaliel's feet, when in the exercise of his avocation he is to stand on the spot where Demosthenes thundered his ponderous Philippics, where Socrates spoke for his life, and say, "Ye men of Athens," to the most accomplished and brilliant people the civilized world has ever known, and confound Epicureans and Stoics with the strange doctrine of Jesus and the Resurrection?

And thus, Children of this beloved College, have I striven to bring you face to face with that inspiring

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object of contemplation which in my own heart I have named:

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Scholarship, I have considered as an increment of power. It is the overplus that tells. It is this intellectual augment that gives zest and quality to what is otherwise flat and dull. It is the last touch that gilds the scholar's life. Where lay the sweetness that moved the audience when Antoinette Sterling sang? Before her others had appeared and had been well received. The thunder which greeted her first appearance immediately subsided and a stillness of death prevailed as she sang, "Where is Heaven, Mother?" When she ceased, the audience seemed breathless for an instant, and then a vast torrent of applause surged through and through the crowded house, and rose at last to deafening cheers. It was evident that a single woman towered far above every other singer, above the splendid orchestra, above everything. What gave her the right to be heard? What gave her power in being heard? It was the last degree of sweetness. Almost any one, to use his phrase, can sing a little. The last inch marks the tallest men. It is the last six inches that win the race, when it is horse and horse. It is the overflow of life and love that makes one strong in his sympathies. It is what is "more" than a doctor and a trader that gives society a margin. It may be that for any voyage a ship has yet made, a boy could have commanded her. But there is no notice served upon

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a vessel before she leaves the company's dock, as to the character of a voyage she is to make. "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste" may seem like a pond extending to the horizon's outmost rim. But "the unplumbed, the salt, the estranging sea" stands nowhere pledged to smooth sailing. With but few notes of prelude, and to the hoarse music of the hurricane, a ship may be summoned to the dance of death. The whole horizon may seem to swim with moving mountains of water. Down she may plunge with a side swing burying her bow in the base of some advancing wave. If she should ship a sea that would put out her fires and stop her machinery by which she is made to quarter on the waves, she would inevitably fall into the trough and founder. Now, when she falls to laboring heavily, when such a terrific confused sea is running that she can scarce live for an hour in it, when from her critical and exposed position the best she can do is to drive down to strike at the foundation of some huge wall of water which fences her way, those passengers huddled together in the saloon want to feel that there strides that bridge a man skilled and disciplined, more than a man, a captain; more than a captain, a master of the ship and of the situation, who can, as if with excess of power, lift his finger, beckoning a return to the bow of that vessel and she, like a thing with charmed life, will hasten to obey his motion and arise as from the grave. The man was chosen for his position with reference to

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what might happen. He who is distinguished, must have something to distinguish him.

Young gentlemen and young ladies of the graduating class, you have come to one of the most important epochs of your earthly career. It is by far the most significant, aside from your religious life, that you have yet reached. So far, you have been mainly under the direction of instructors chosen by yourselves or friends to direct and aid you in your work. Henceforth the guidance of your lives will be more completely in your own hands. Over a great, new building at Yale College are inscribed the words by Bacon: "Blessed be he that cometh in and blessed be he that goeth out." But the blessing of the "going" could never have had its richness and largeness and fullness, except for the blessing of the coming. Even the families to which you respectively belong can never be the same after a son or a daughter graduates from college. Whatever pride your fathers may feel in you, it is far outshone by the benediction that is breathed upon you today by the graduate's mother. Behold her, all ye people! She may have given her all for you, and as you now rise up to call her blessed (where she now lives on earth, or among the shining ones in heaven) there will be no honor that by her will be undeserved. You have not in your Alma Mater the hoar antiquity of the old-world-colleges, but you remember the reply made by a celebrated English Statesman when taunted with being a "young man," "I plead guilty, my lord, but the fault will mend every day." You have not

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yet the historic associations which cluster about and haunt the gray walls and dim cloisters of Oxford, but you have a future that will make your past radiant. A system of education that can supply the product exhibited by you in your Classday exercises is the best in the world. I could see how among you there had been going on a process of what I will call "leveling up." Once, for example, in the religious education of young men, the dependence was upon certain leaders of religious thought outside of the student body. The religious life of Williams College depended, for instance, upon Professor Albert Hopkins, brother of the president, Mark Hopkins. And Amherst College depended upon the Amherst Socrates, the Attic Bee, Professor Tyler. But in all colleges including, recently, even Wellesley, the last to resist the revolution, young men and women now in a degree never before seen in the history of the mind, educate one another religiously. The development of your religious life has been largely a mutual matter, and I venture to affirm that no class was ever graduated from an American college where members gained so many of the excellent things in educational development from an associated life. It is plain to an observer that you possess more class spirit—which made your exercises yesterday so radiant—than you could have known, except that you have wrought upon one another in your lateral relations as a class. The college community became to you a little republic in which you have been trained for citizenship

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in a larger world. You are now to make places for yourselves in life, in much the same way that you have already done this in the estimation of your college contemporaries. Some of you have done so by your brightness, some by social sparkle, some by conspicuous truth of character, some by accomplishment, some by talent, some by acquired gifts or graces of speech, some by outright diligence; some achieved a place in your class history by a little accidental occurrence, some by connecting the life of the college with the life of the community, and some unselfish labors for those less favored than yourself in this unequal world. Thus have you already shown your aptitude for the work and play of life. Do not belong to the college a little. Young friends, never lose your fresh enthusiasm for Old Alma Mater. I want you to feel that your college is the best in this state or any other. Doubtless God could have made a better college, doubtless he never did. You are her glory, her joy and her crown. To fail in gratitude toward her, who nourished you through four years of undergraduate life, would be evidence *prima facie* that your moral nature was blunted and that the decadence even of the college must begin. But today, you enter life's larger schoolhouse. Going out over this threshold you are at once in a great University which confers no degrees. Today a vast new world opens her doors hospitably to you. May the soul of work acquired, evidently here, never be crushed out. The most important single question that ever comes to you is this: "Shall

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I make of my life a career or a mission?" In a career, self is *first* and *last* and *midst*. But in a mission, self is subordinated to the service of a cause. As I stood yesterday amazed, delighted, captured, by your overflowing spirit, your brilliancy and your deep tone of earnestness, my heart said to me — you are to have the final word, name then a cause for which to live and love. I'll do it. It may be then that the most devoted among you will adopt it for a life's mission. I name it. It is briefly comprehended in one word, "Otherism." Look not every one upon his own interests only. "Otherism" will set your useful purpose to the right key. The color of your whole life will probably be such as the first years in which you are your own masters make it. For you the critical, decisive hour in earth's whole programme is now here. Be open hearted. Be open handed. Live your best. When you pass yonder chapel door today, you may say, I have cheerfully spent my last dollar for a good education, and what have I as I face the world which has crowned so many others — what have I? I have my hope. The college is like a railroad locomotive on a turning table, ready to take some one of many tracks leading from it. Get on some track, young friends, and stay on. By years of preparation you are made ready to be turned to any kind of productive work. It is the custom in oriental countries for the ruling sovereign to spend large sums of money and great pains in the education of the prince who is to succeed to the throne. But your life is cast in America, and the

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Children of America are all princes. So, in England, as I have just read, there are families that date back to the days of the Norman Conqueror and are justly proud of their ancient and honorable lineage. They have gathered the precious heirlooms of the centuries. Here, is a sword wielded at Cressy. There, is a necklace of gems, the gift of a king. Here, is a service of plate wrought by the cunning workmen of the Middle Ages. Here, is a castellated home built in the days of the Tudors. Here, are ancestral oaks planted in the days of Elizabeth. The dying old lord is leaving it all, handing it over to his sons and daughters to preserve unimpaired and to enrich with new monumental treasures. Young friends, today you become of age. You are heirs of vast intellectual treasures. Your lineage is a lineage of noble minds that have themselves loved and inherited the truth. In your veins may not flow the blood of an Augustine but in your mind there live and move the thoughts of a Plato, a Kepler, a Newton, a Socrates, an Agassiz, and an Edwards. To you now, in turn, the intellectual succession, the rich accumulated treasures of mind and heart are committed. Dr. McCosh used to advise the members of a graduating class to spend an hour in quiet meditation before they left the classic walls of Princeton, and found themselves in the busy outside world. So, sometime today or tomorrow, between quitting these walls and entering upon a new stage of action, have a silent hour. A camel kneels to receive his burden, and has the instinct to rise unbidden when

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he feels he is loaded commensurate with his strength. In order that you may be freighted again by the "Pierced Hands," lay down your present responsibilities and be separated for an hour from them, to accept them again afresh, closing thus your college day and beginning with earnest devotion life's great tomorrow.

The camel, at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off
And rest again.

My soul, thou too, should'st to thy knees
When daylight draweth to a close
And let the Master lift the load
And grant repose.

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load.
Then rises up anew to take
A desert road.

So thou should'st kneel at morning's dawn
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that He no load too great
Will make thee bear.

II

A JUBILEE ADDRESS*

Like the unfolding of a realistic panorama, the stirring scenes of the Civil War have been passing before my quickened sight. As we recede farther away from the confusion, the gloom, the clouds and the later inbreaking sunshine of the contest for the preservation of the Union, certain clearly defined pictures rise before us, which are not taken from the chamber of imagery, but from the living fields of history. And yet those four years of strife do not even now seem to be United States annals, but a separate epoch, a gulf, a sacrifice, a conflagration. New reputations were abruptly hung like banners in our temples, men were changed to giants and names became famous and infamous as lastingly as Caesar and Cataline. Appoint to one of us then the theme, "The College in the Civil War," and many a local event at once looms up on a dark background like a volcano in the night, by which too we see deeper meanings than its own salient fame. One vivid memory is the reception on this ground, where now we are gathered, of the news from Vicksburg at a commencement appointment in 1863. Loyal hearts had everywhere been depressed. Our disaster at Fredericksburg, followed by our rout

*At the Semi-Centennial celebration of Grinnell College this address was given on the relation of the author's Alma Mater to the Civil War.

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at Chancellorsville, when not our soldiers, but our generals had been defeated, as 22,000 of our men were not brought into action at all, had produced a condition of things that was little less than desperate. In some new quarters the success of secession began to be admitted as not impossible. Volunteering began to flag and drafts became the unpopular resort. Desertions became never so frequent. Our national currency, which is always quick to detect the feelings of the popular heart, sank to its nadir. The confederacy was growing daily more expectant of foreign recognition and the rebels, having been successful, were enthusiastic and presuming. Northern hearts were strained to a tension that was simply intolerable. It was the darkest hour of the rebellion. The new strategist from Galena, just coming into recognition, had defied the best known law of armies, not to cut themselves off from their base of supplies, and had put himself where, for some days, he was not to be heard from. The Fourth Iowa Cavalry, in which were fifteen of our choicest college spirits, was known to have been engaged. Throughout the vast audience, as it gathered here that night was felt the very pain of intensity, the agony of suspense. The tidings produced an indescribable sensation. Jacob Butler, one of our trustees, whose law partner, O'Conner, it was thought by him might have been slain, was put forward to voice the pent-up feelings of the crowd. His oratory rose to unapproached heights. As I stand here to-day I can still feel its thrill, its ardor, its pathos and its power. Since the earth was set in motion there

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had never been, in the whole world's history, so large a capture of generals, of whom there were fifteen, and of armament and men as Gen. Grant made at Vicksburg. As our orator, having no mean gifts, rose to the elevation of his theme, his locks, which, after the more frequent customs of those days, were worn long, were thrown violently from shoulder to shoulder. Burning with the excitement of the occasion, his eloquence flamed to its utmost height, as he looked out upon the sea of upturned faces. The applause was tumultuous. A famous solo singer advanced across the platform. The early hush of the eager, expectant audience was evidence of the depth of emotion. She took up nothing less than the Marsellaise, "Ye Sons of Freedom Wake to Glory." Enthusiasms were without bounds. That song was a distinct event in my life. It is a great privation to any human soul never to have heard a great song on a great occasion. The land was passing from hurricane into calm. Our college boys had transformed themselves into heroes by

"Deeds of great hearts true and strong,
Deeds eclipsing Marathon;
Deeds deserving endless song,
Deeds above Napoleon."

Never will the time come, unless there intervenes some strange and unaccountable degeneracy of our people, when the uplifting force of the American idea shall fail which was projected first beneath oppression, then below slavery, and is now making itself felt under the despotism, cruelty and inhumanity of unprogressive Spain; for God, who has sown in our

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soil the seed of his millennial harvest, will not lay the sickle until his full and perfect day has come.

All the civilizations to-day existing were in their origins largely the result of great upheavals. Overcoming the strict conservation of peace, like that in China and India, the redemption from kingcraft and oppression and despotism and cruelty has come not from evolution merely, but from revolution, which has proved not destructive only, but constructive. The light of that expanding miracle from Jamestown to Appomattox gilds to-day the names of Admiral Dewey, and Lieut. Hobson, and Osborne W. Deignan, of Stuart, Iowa, brave son of a not less heroic mother, living in a state where patriotism is indigenous and where heroes are grown as well as cattle and corn. Students here will search in vain the annals of the planet for another expensive war like that reluctantly begun by our noble president with a like unselfish, progressive, exalted motive. In the unfolding of nations the time had simply come for Spanish cruelty to cease. In the murky waters of Havana's benighted bay, beneath the Maine a torpedo was placed. Cruel Spain touched the button and Uncle Sam will do the rest.

The next turn of the phonograph on whose cylinder has been placed the foil of memory, enables us to listen to the public reading of a daily paper. On the arrival of the mail, part of the time by coach from the terminus of the railroad thirty miles east, the postmaster, well-remembered, would throw out through a side door, the *Davenport Gazette*, then our

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chief paper from our leading city, and some educated man, usually Mr. Quincy A. Gilmore, would stand up to read. Through his pronunciation I first gained familiarity with Antietam, Chickahominy, Chincamaugua, Kenesaw, Murfreesboro and Paducah, and so on through the 2,261 battles for the union, in which 500 soldiers were engaged from Manassas Junction to Appomattox. Individual families did not have a daily paper in those primitive days, and so you might see the crowd gather silently around the postoffice door, collecting from all quarters as if the birds of the air had spread the apprehension. Sometimes an individual man would be seen to stagger as if he had been hit, and sometimes a woman seemed attacked by faintness, as if it were herself and not her husband or son that was in danger of being struck down. As heard from that mournful paper, with what force came to our ears the reverberant tones of memory's bells, tolling bells. Shiloh losses 13,500, Stone River 11,578, seven days' retreat and Malvern Hill, 15,279, Wilderness 37,737.

Familiar, at least with its street scenes, I am here to bear witness that no more patriotic or loyal place than our college town existed in this state or in any other. It was always brimming full of purest Americanism. This came in part from the presence of so many students from poor but ambitious homes. The material supplied the army by enlistments here was of a high character. No one considered what the pay would be, or the hardships, or the perils. Touched with generous impulses, fired with an uncalculating

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spirit, still the college was represented in the war by mere boys. Major Rhea, past commander of the Grand Army, affirms that the average of our soldiers at enlistment was but nineteen, and our Grinnell College contingent was younger than the average. Iowa, a youthful state, while furnishing 84,017 soldiers, sent but one regiment of Silver Greys into the service and that was the 37th, average age 65 years, under a call from President Lincoln to do guard duty, but they had the proud distinction of having fifteen hundred sons in the war. Our students being so young, could not have been enticed into a military life by the hope of rank and preferment, yet we came to have a major, like Joseph Lyman, captains like Russell E. Jones and John Carr, lieutenants (12) like Cardell, Baker, Scott, Bailey, Daily, Anderson, Work, John W. Jones, Sanborn, Shanklin, Kelsey, and our learned, honored and popular Professor Leonard F. Parker; adjutants like Ela; sergeants like Hon. John M. Carney, Pruyn, Chapman and Hobart; clerks in the regimental service like Kierulff, Manatt and Herrick; and musicians like Quaife, Ford, and Dana H. Robbins. We must remember gratefully that every one of our student volunteers, though still living, counting life no longer dear to himself, offered it willingly upon the altar of his country, and forsook all that he had and followed the flag, willing to die beneath its starry folds. Those with us today came back as the waves come, which break and sink back into the sea when they reach the beach. A host of our surviving veterans have held positions of distinction as civilians,

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whom I have catalogued and would name, except that the noblest service has been often rendered with no sounding titles. Such men were the flower of the country. They had one common, enthusiastic, intelligent, life-losing, but heaven-inspired patriotism. The war, a rare testing time, checked for a period the conservatism of our civilization, made every man stand squarely upon both his feet with all the props and braces of home and society taken away. Some returned broken in health, like Kelsey, Ford, Scott and Chapman; others wounded, like Baker, Cardell, Baily, Bishop, Austin and Carr, to receive the plaudits of their countrymen. To estimate the services of the 46th Regiment, in whose Company "B" the College had its largest representation, twenty-six men, we need to read it; in the devastation 300 miles long and 60 broad, in 200 miles of railroad broken up and in a hundred million dollars of damage wrought to the confederacy by that romantic march to the sea, where sixty thousand men disappeared from sight for thirty-one days and emerged at last as if from a wilderness, with undiminished numbers and resources and increased renown, which our boys in part made possible.

No one can fully understand the war of the rebellion, without getting hold of it on the northern side from the Kansas end. We were here granted particular insight into antecedent movements which precipitated the great rebellion. That day was a high day when that generous soul, nature's freeman an ideal citizen, that friend of the town, church, college,

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and well-wisher of every young man or woman who, by reason of sacrifice at home came hither to study, Hon. J. B. Grinnell sent over to our home for "one of our boys" to drive a covered wagon containing fugitives guilty of a skin not colored like our own, the journey to be chiefly by night, to the western terminus of the railroad that was making its way slowly up from Iowa City. We understood that John Brown, who still has a room named in honor of his occupancy here, did not expect to liberate all slaves, but by opening thoroughfares, to cause them to be held upon such an uncertain tenure that they would become practically worthless as chattels. From his own hand writing I copy words revealing his idea. "I had flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done." From my life here I imbibed a liking for that tall, lank figure, with the pompadour hair, and with much painstaking I have visited his haunts. I have acquired one of his rifles, and chiefly a John Brown pike, very rare and difficult to secure, manufactured by hand, on an anvil, still standing, with which to arm slaves at Harper's Ferry, which I shall ask the college to accept. Our geographical position here contiguous to a slave state, occasioned the suspension of college studies, when we were called out at night to go into a region south of us to capture the bushwhackers who, obscure beside the road, at a spot forever etched upon my memory, shot the provost marshal from our college town who had gone down to arrest drafted men who had not reported, and were hence classed with deserters. Finding one of these

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assassins wounded, who persisted in being reticent about the shooting, one of our posse went into the stable and brought in the heavy rope of a halter, in which a noose was made, the other end thrown over a joist above in the unfinished room, and the man given two minutes in which to tell his story or to say his prayers, as he might elect. Vividly do I still see the group of prisoners first guarded on the lawn of Mr. Craver, father of Charles and Samuel and sainted Thomas, and last in the wool warehouse near the local Rock Island freight house.

I remember the part taken by students in the demonstration when our foremost citizen, Mr. Grinnell, was stricken, Sumner-like, in congress by that ruffian from Kentucky. I remember that when anything of serious importance occurred we would come together at the church in the evening, never seeming in those days to distinguish between our politics and our religion. I remember the Sunday morning audience, deeply affected by the news from Petersburg, when the minister said, "I cannot preach," thus dismissing us to roll bandages and pick lint for the wounded, to pack large boxes the size of an upright piano, and to reinforce the sanitary commission (served in the field by Hon. Robert M. Haines and Rev. Seth A. Arnold) that is estimated by Col. Benton to have saved 180,000 lives.

I remember the amazement of a distinguished visitor finding he was about to address here an audience alive with students, on a political theme, sat seeking to prime himself with a funny story with

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which to catch the crowd, when a professional, bookish-looking individual, with solemn bearing, advancing to the front of the platform, said "Let us pray." I remember the long procession of cavalry that passed the door of our solitary college building on its way, as it proved, to the battle fields, the cemeteries and the prison pens of the South. I remember that the students turned out to visit them at their encampment in the grove west of town, to see them tether their horses, cook their coffee, spread their blankets and light up their tents with candles held in an iron mould that was pushed into the ground. I remember how they sang, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "John Brown's Body,"

"Oh, thus be it e'er when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved home and the war's desolation,
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven rescued
land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a
nation."

I remember the rank patriotism that pervaded our earliest college declamations. "Stand, the ground's your own, my braves." Patrick Henry being the favorite and Spartacus a close second. I remember the animating, thrilling music made here to incite enlistments, by simply a fife and drum, in affecting recollection of which I have secured a snare drum carried in the battle of Gettysburg, with an affidavit proving it, which I shall ask the College to accept. I remember the warmth of the meetings held in the old school house on this square, when the patriotism

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was generated that caused the many students of Company E of the 4th Iowa Cavalry to enlist. I remember their drill on these grounds about this church, and the pathetic scenes that attended their departure for the front.

I remember the exploits, too numerous to mention, of individual Grinnell College men, who, for example, like Lieutenant Thomas T. Baker, now of Butte, Montana, on the day before Lee surrendered, marched on foot fifty-eight miles and during the summer before this marched eighteen hundred miles. I remember accompanying Co. B. of the 46th Regiment eastward to witness in a sort of town meeting, its election of officers, with whom I thought the common soldiers were too astonishingly familiar. I remember how these recruits, some of whom never had a gun in their hands before, who shut up their grammars and lexicons with a bang, carrying their extra clothing in a paper bundle, when togged out in the accoutrements a complete set of which, tin dipper, canteen, knapsack, haversack, musket, and bayonet carried throughout the war, having been at length sceured, I shall ask the college to accept. I remember how the merest lads, left at home, first hung and then burned in the streets the effigy of that man whom I never attempt to classify, J. Davis, who betrayed the flag under which he learned to drill at his country's expense, who at length ran away with the money belonging to the soldiers and tried at last to be his own mother-in-law, and failed as usual. I remember how the war, forcing a condition of affairs never before known, opened wide

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the doors to woman, whose meritorious services in the south, as in the case of Mary E. Snell, no figures can estimate.

I remember the invalid days of those returning home to still look death steadily in the face, like Scott, with whom I once roomed, and Ford, whom I visited, but by whose pale lips no word of complaint was ever syllabled, nor of regret that they had served their country at such a frightful cost. At the head of the lake of the Forest Canyons, at the foot of a terraced garden, across a calm, leaf-shadowed pool, cut into the precipitous rock is the realization of Thorwaldsen's great thought, the dying Lion of Lucerne. Nothing can be more majestic than his attitude. He has exhausted his strength in battle. His body is pierced by a mortal arrow. There is something almost human in the face, in those eyes and the drooping mouth. The agony is expressed in every line of that sad strong face. Nothing in ancient sculpture, not even the dying gladiator portrays more of mournful dignity in death. There is a soul in his look. Never was an act of courage more simply and yet more grandly set forth. This memorial commemorates the valor of the Swiss guards who were massacred in Paris during the first revolution. They were sentinels about the person of Louis Sixteenth. A paw of the lion droops in such a way as to point to their immortal names. Great grief has few words, but they are these; "August 10th, and September 2nd and 3rd, 1792. These are the names of those who, not to be found wanting to the sacred faith of their oath, bravely

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fighting fell." Mourning her sons, whose gallant defense of our Union and our flag cost them their noble lives, Grinnell College points to their names, inscribed upon the tablet at the entrance of Alumni Hall. Here is a monument that has not outlived its history, like those of the mound builders, containing unintelligible relics of a forgotten race, when even tradition supplies nothing for them to commemorate. Primeval forests have flourished above them and decayed. Who knows what secret of science, or religion, astronomy, or numbers, or priest or architect, or king, the pyramids of Egypt guard. In the distant quarries from which they and Memnon came, single stones already cut, so vast that a hundred regiments could hardly move them, still wait, as they have for forty centuries for workmen and for wains that never came to take them.

While building the monument of its heroes, the Nation has forgotten why those heroes died. This memorial of ours, however seems instinct with a love that floods could not drown nor a hurricane efface. Like the old clock at Vicksburg, that continued its tick, tick, tick, when all the city beside was swept by Gen. Grant's cannon, so this tablet was saved as by a miracle when our college buildings were swept from the face of the earth by a cyclone's besom. Her feelings too are those of sorrow, mingled with pride. She laments her unmeasured loss. She had fancied them shining resplendent in a constellation of letters. Their life closed at its climax. Others grow old, but these sons are endowed with immortal youth:—Jones, Loring, Shanklin, Cassady, Ellis, Craver, Dowd who

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was starved at Andersonville, Hobbs, Holland and Thompson. These all died from one cause. Let us believe with Socrates, as he listened to Timarchus, that the heroes and sages and martyrs of the past are not indifferent in the present to the sacred objects and companions of their lives.

There is a beautiful fancy of pagan mythology, which contends that soldiers who have been distinguished in battle are allowed to meet in the happy fields of Elysium and talk over the events of the contest in which they engaged. Can we not imagine that those who have gone down to their windowless homes, furloughed this week from their relentless bondage of the grave, are with us sympathetically and are aware of our presence upon these classic grounds which they once chose to tread, and hence know that we are here in part to commemorate their devotion. We have come to wipe away the dust from the earlier picture of our Alma Mater. To retouch it and reframe it and to hold it up to men, that they should admire her part in reuniting the nation and emancipating the slaves. Hail to a college that can boast such sons, and that in 1862 held back from her country's service no one male student who was fit by his years for military duty. Hail to the Collegians that took up the "Ark of the Covenant" and bore it forward, before whom God divided the waters, and set it beyond danger in peace, in security and in honor. Hail to the men that in the face of rebel obstruction cried, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," and cleared the highway that the mighty pageant of a free people

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could pass on to its glory. Hail to the heroes that made a United States history that will shine with increasing luster, the cynosure of the misruled, the persecuted and the oppressed. All honor to Levi C. Ela, who was the first from Grinnell College to enlist, and to Norman F. Bates, who captured a rebel flag in that night attack at Columbus. All honor to the Fourth Iowa Cavalry, traveling 12,000 miles, becoming the first veteran volunteer regiment from Iowa, receiving a costly silk flag from the Loyal Woman's League, standing at length as victors, having captured the capital of Alabama, in the very audience chamber where the first organized secession movement began.

All honor to Lieutenant Thomas T. Baker, Grinnell College's Goliath of Gath, detailed April 9th, 1865, at Appomattox as commander of 100 men to assist at the surrender of General Lee to General Grant, in receiving the confederate arms, drawing up his line of provost guards when the confederate cavalry and infantry marched up and threw their arms in a long pile before him, and the great rebellion was over. Praise be to God that has given us a generation of national life bright with his light and better deserving study than a whole century of history in any other time or of any other people. All honor to our professors in those self-denying days, who communicated the spirit and set the step for our martial expressions. Hail to the brave, clean, beautiful town of Grinnell, friend of the student, field of his struggles, and the ideal of his later labors in temperance, good citizenship and in general helpfulness toward all

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those whose ambition exceeds their resources. Hail to the Alma Mater, nourisher of missionaries, and patriots in commemoration of whose fiftieth birthday a multitude of her children have come together to do her honor and to say "Thank you, Mother, Live Forever." Hail Grinnell College, whose roots are gone down into the regions of perpetual spring, whose life is vital and whose future is assured.

"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

III

LOVE OF COUNTRY

A ROYAL GRACE OF CHARACTER—AN OVER-SWEEPING VIRTUE

There is one scene which, by reason of many suggestions connected with this sadly interesting and significant service, keeps rising upon my sight. It represents the first grenadier of France. Such was his nobility and such his humility that he, disdaining promotion, preferred fighting on in the ranks, continuing his faithful service until he fell, the foremost of the brave. Such was his spirit—and the inspiration of his death—that Napoleon ordered his name should be called as if he was still a part of the living and effective force of the army. Hence his name was kept upon the rolls, and as often as its syllables were pronounced, the sergeant of his company stepped two paces forward and saluted and gave this answer: “Dead upon the field of Honor.” Such men cannot die. Life with them has a resurrection, a power which death only can heighten. I have thought much of these words as the graves of your comrades have been strewn with flowers. I look off to “God’s Acre,” where lies the turf in many a mouldering heap, and your roll, read here in our hearing, suggests many that are dead upon the field of honor. But they are not

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dead. By laying down their lives they came to earthly immortality. They live in our memories. Their example lives. They live in a redeemed and in a re-united nation, for the maintenance of whose institutions they stained the field with blood. So have I stood among the graves at Arlington Heights until more than fifteen thousand of our valiant men seemed to surround me. When I commune with them they say to my spirit, "All this sacrifice was for just one cause. There is no diversity of sentiment among us. We died for just one thing, and that one object is worth to you all that it is in our power to give." And there, as here upon this platform, is a memorial to the unknown dead. Beneath one stone repose the bones of 2,111 of our citizens gathered from the fields of Bull Run and the route of the Rappahannock that could not be identified. But their names and deaths are recorded in their country's archives, and they are honored by their grateful countrymen as a part of their noble army of martyrs. And in thought I move on to the prison-pens of Andersonville, where 15,000 of our men for months looked death steadily in the face, reaffirming their choice to serve their country, amid the sufferings of each succeeding day. They would not be paroled. We may exclaim in the choice words read to us by your chaplain—"Oh! Grave, where is thy victory?" He is the victor who, like Grant, names the terms. They will not yield their fealty to country. Thus they suffered a seven-fold death, and yet they are not dead. We feel their inspira-

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tion today. They are making a majestic march towards new heights of fame. And now at Richmond we find vast fields where the billowing sod has been torn and ripped to open the graves for 70,000 of our immortal dead. And thus our thought extends until, beginning with the 300,000 men who had filled soldiers' graves ere our strife was done — who are now recruited from the 280,000 men who had been wounded in battle — until today it can be affirmed that not less than a half-million of loyal graves appeal to us for a worthy commemoration on this Memorial day. And the graves; how their number swells with each succeeding year. I thought of the advance toward the eternal camping grounds as I heard your measured and heavy tread upon the street today. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! I see them march toward their tenting places beyond the dark river at the rate of a full brigade every year. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Every two weeks a full company has come to the ford at the narrow stream of death. Tramp! Tramp! Every three months we find that a full regiment has passed from our sight to resting places upon an unseen shore. The four regiments of a brigade are mustered there for the last roll-call every year. Thus forty regiments in ten years — and in twenty years a grand army corps of from 80,000 to 100,000 then have passed on from sight to join the early martyrs in our country's cause. Of army corps there are not many. Soon the boys will all have gone. These will have joined those — the early "dead upon the field of honor."

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But memories of their deeds will live until the last syllable of recorded time. They leave a memorial more enduring than sculptured stone. Their monument is a thing of life. It has a continued growth. If you would observe it, it is not far to seek. So do I now remember that the great fire of London, however calamitous in itself, afforded great opportunities for the exercises, on a more extended scale, of the architectural abilities of Sir Christopher Wren. Much of the beauty of rebuilt London lay in his brain before it was wrought out in stone. Tourists love to visit St. Paul's, where sleeps the honored dead. The attending guide draws attention to the significant but simple inscription;—"If you would see his monument, look around." So I would say of the martyr soldier—If you would see his monument, look around. Consider our re-united nation. Look around! Contemplate the happy and prosperous people. Look around! Reflect what a land we have—what a government! Is it not now the cynosure for the weary eyes of the oppressed of all other nations? Look around! I think of this as I stand among the buildings of our national capital. I love to look around and think that this is the seat of government for the whole people. Nor can I forget this as I see these lines of railway belting together the north with such New England states and Florida at the south. An inseparable union is coming to exist. New sympathies arise. Old animosities are being supplanted. We are rising to a new glory in our national life. We cannot realize

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the true grandeur of the soldiers' monument unless we look around. If I compare it with the most famous memorials that have hitherto existed to perpetuate devotion and heroism among men, we see how it stands unapproachable and unapproached. Go with me to the heart of the Oberland Alps. We are now at lovely Lucerne. Look you across the calm and leaf-shadowed pool — upon the precipitous rock. There, cut into its flinty side, is the realization in stone of Thorwaldsen's great thought — the lion of Lucerne. Never was an act of courage more simply and yet more grandly illustrated. This memorial commemorates the valor of the Swiss guards who were massacred in Paris during the first revolution. They were the sentinels about the person of Louis XVI. These Swiss troops died not for their country. They died only for their sacred oath in the service of him whom they had sworn to protect, and yet their devotion was worthy of unceasing praise on the part of their countrymen. Another epitaph is over the three hundred Spartans who fell with Leonidas at Thermopylae: "Go tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws." This exemplifies another form of devotion; it is obedience to law, without which, while we have license, it is not possible to have liberty. On Concord Green the statue of the soldier of the republic stands at eternal "parade rest." Have you ever noted that this attitude is always adopted in sculpture as expressive of man's greatest strength? It is not so well displayed in the moment of action as in the strength

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of repose after successful achievement. Action is a matter of review, and it affords the happiest contemplation. The lives of martyrs have a purchasing power. They are counters. Like shillings and guineas, they can be given in exchange for some things. They are valuable for what they will buy. Our Saviour's death! Its value is in its purchasing power. We are bought with its price. In one sense His sepulchre counts but one among all the broken tombs of earth. In a better view, however, His death discriminates His grave from all others in what it achieved. He gave His life, a ransom for many. So with those who redeemed our Union and purchased liberty for the captive. We reckon those deaths in terms of what was achieved by them. They did not, like the Swiss Guard, simply lay down their all in defence of the person of a merely earthly monarch. Nor was it, like the men of Thermopylae, to conserve our laws. It was for an idea. We do not affirm that we are better men than the Confederates. To loyal men, however, it was given to detect the divine presence in history. When others rebelliously and stubbornly placed themselves across the path of national progress in which the God of our national history was evidently moving, men loyal to duty, to country, and to the national good, sprang to arms, saying: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord;" and the pathway was cleared of obstructions, that freedom's cause might have its glorious fulfilment when the fullness of the time had come. It is easily seen that the idea for which you fought is the precise line of

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our national development. In the Revolution the struggle was upon the basis of the Declaration of Independence, that all men are created free and equal. As a result of that seven years' conflict this was at length conceded. Now you go into the battle to determine, by force of arms — it could not otherwise be reached — the interpretation of the very first line of our American Constitution. They of the South held to the heresy of state rights. That state that led off the secession voted, believing that it was in her power to thus vote, that "the union subsisting between South Carolina and other states is hereby dissolved." God was moving to the more advanced idea of the individuality and personality of men. So you, following in His wake, fought for interpretation of the first line of the Constitution. You were determined it should read: "Not we, the States," — they are not the units — the nation is the unit, composed of individual men, — but rather "We, the people of the United States." So it stands today, thanks to the American soldier. That interpretation is his latest and proudest achievement. The idea is now instinct with immortal life. It shall never perish from the earth. It is enshrined in that instrument which stands in political history as the noblest product ever thrown off by the human mind. It is engraven upon an imperishable tablet. And while that idea endures, as endure it must, the memory of those who secured its perpetuity and determined its interpretation shall never perish from the grateful memory of mankind.

IV

THE NOBLE ART OF HURRAHING

It is not good form in some circles to be enthusiastic in any interest, no matter how lofty. All earnest exhibitions of feeling are suppressed. A languid, critical disapproving attitude is assumed and held. A habit of thought and expression is countenanced in which ardor and a genuine and generous emotion and the exuberant spirit are displaced. Some people even make their lack of enthusiasm a matter of pride. The influence of Carlyle and Matthew Arnold and of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and their imitators this side of the sea, the comic papers, and the new spirit of criticism in history, literature, and life are responsible, at least remotely, for the beginnings of the decline of enthusiasm. The prophet of protest or the apostle of everything that begins with "non" or "in" or "contra" or "anti," while he may be effective and while he attracts eager listeners, and finds greedy readers, knows nothing of the noble art of hurrahing. The man who avoids all responsibility for government, and makes a microscopic search for faults, becomes a censor, and discovers bad motives and evil purposes in every new piece of legislation or administration that is attempted, lacks the disposition to cheer. "The Noble Art of Hurrahing" is dependent on a quality called soul. "We cannot but speak," said the

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apostles in self-explanation. There was an irrepressible, volcanic power "like burning fire shut up in their bones, and they were weary with forbearing, and they could not stay." It seeks to find vent. There is a store of spiritual vitality, an overflow of high spirits, a certain spring to the nature, that accounts for our own war Governor John A. Andrew, the enthusiast in politics, Agassiz, the enthusiast in science, and for Phillips Brooks, the enthusiast for humanity. These impassioned men never learned to measure themselves by the negations in them. It is good to be generously affected always in a good thing. Religious teachers who deprecate enthusiasm, and exalt what they call a sober standard of feeling, which rigidly represses its emotion, will please keep in mind that an outburst of loyalty, voiced almost rapturously, was among the few things that our Saviour unreservedly praised. He knew that religion or any other great cause goes down when it loses the power of exciting the highest, most intelligent, and most courageous social enthusiasm.

SLOGANS

The only thing that will overcome the indescribable feeling of halt in ecclesiastical affairs is a rallying-cry, a shibboleth, a slogan, a vitalizing quantity or personality, that shall start the hearty acclaim. It throws off the chill. It inspires a new crusade. It is born of hope and joy and spontaneous gladness. It always marks the farthest advance in mankind. This irrepressible, volcanic action is not manu-

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factured, as men of weak passions are inclined to assume. It is the irresistible overflow of full hearts; and if, on occasion, these should hold their peace, the stone would cry out of the wall and the beam out of the timber would answer it.

Where youth is still found that shouts, "Hosanna," and faith that is unmixed with doubt, we discover an impulse to be heedless of self and to enter with banners even a contested field. Thus Gordon Granger's reserve corps appeared without orders upon the battle field of Chickamauga. They heard the distant cannonade, the uproar of battle, sounding nearer and nearer; and, animated by the loftiest patriotism, they rose to a double-quick, threw themselves into the thick of the fight, and by one impetuous, irresistible charge rolled back their enemies, and turned defeat into victory under conditions which English strategists had called impossible. That was a good prayer of the brother, in meeting, that we might be raised above the need of any local or special pressure to duty, that our steadfast pressure might be ever from within. "You seem to have the faculty, sir," said Washington to Putnam, "of infusing your own spirit."

One believes almost in the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul when he witnesses the power of one earnest and enthusiastic nature to impart itself to others. When Marcus Aurelius enumerates in his "Meditations" the forces which had entered into the formation of his character, the entire list consists of the names of persons. No mention is

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made of rules or maxims, of literature or philosophy, although the emperor and philosopher was a devotee of both. To be able to admire noble qualities in others is evidence of a kinship of mind to them. Let us test ourselves. Is there any one now living in whose presence and at the mention of whose name we would like to propose a cheer, or would you want first to make over the heroes somewhat, change their style and methods, and tone down the matter of their utterances? If no one lives for whom we can hurrah, it may be a lack, not of the hero, but in the appreciation of him.

Enthusiasm is not a matter of temperament. It is a duty. Every person ought to be proud of something and bear it like a plume. Any one can have the noble art of hurrahing, provided he will let go of himself, and find his joy in espousing a noble cause, and yield himself entirely to it with an unselfish abandon.

He ought, for example, to hurrah for his college. It has been to him the bright particular star, if not the central sun, in the system of sister schools. We do not say that the college is perfect; but for him, at least, it is the best there is. What a lesson is given in the noble art of hurrahing at the commencement banquet, when in moments of inspiration, self-deliverance, and victory a man will rise and say, "I sing the college," and so is emptied and lost and swallowed up unselfishly in an object that he would rather applaud and magnify than to impress the company with his own importance! It is an education

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to a selfish man and egoist to be pulled down with the shouts, "Talk about the college. Hurrah for Alma Mater. Ring the changes on the college. It's the cause, the cause."

The loyal, cheering alumnus is lifted above himself. He gets out of himself, and lives for a moment a sublime life. He is elevated into heroism and sacrifice. He rises into the spirit of the college yell. "Hail to a college that in 1862 held back from her country's service no one male student who was fit by his years for military duty!"

In this rapturous attachment to persons, places, ideas and programs, like the heart of David to Zion, how unhallowed appears the cynical spirit, which is one form of conceit, where the critic, hanging by the nails and teeth on the edge of things, is threatening to drop off and to take some dirt with him unless affairs are conducted to suit him. A great deterrent to hurrahing is what is sometimes termed, let us hope unjustly, "Harvard indifference." It was not from their forefathers that the collegians in our foremost seat of learning inherited this poor quality if they have it. "I do not love a man," says Goldsmith, "who is zealous of nothing."

It is said in print that President Gilman was so much impressed during his Yale career with the severity with which enthusiasm was repressed by insisting that it was foolish for young men to become authors before they had anything to say, that he determined, on assuming the charge of John Hopkins University, to put the young men of that institution

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to active literary service as soon as they had been trained sufficiently to do it well; and its lead in political and historical writing, and a large part of its present educational power, are to be traced to the literary work which its alumni have already produced. These young graduates have even now acquired world-wide fame by their writings.

SUPPORT YOUR TEAM

Defeat in an athletic contest with a rival institution has just been attributed by the college paper to the lack of support which the spectators gave the home team. If their errors are to be greeted with groans, ought not a good play to be recognized, the paper feelingly pleads by some other form of appreciation than the mean inquiry as to how it happened? It seems, then, that the Society of Encouragers, in the view of students, divides the responsibility with the players.

There can be no happier function in life than to so act upon people that they think their best, speak their best, and do their best. High-born, noble souls are singularly dependent upon the approbation of their fellow men. There is such a thing as cruel, culpable, pernicious silence. "Approve things that are excellent," are words in an epistle written by an apostle. I have seen the great cloud of witnesses on the bleachers put the life right into a game by the noble art of hurrahing. So was it with the sad-voiced, disappointed, dejected minister who had preached in vacant pulpits, on occasion, as supply for

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many years, as pictured by Mr. Crockett, until he received the stimulus of an encouraging word from a good Scotch elder named William Greig, when he pulled himself together on the following Sunday, and preached so stormily that he took the congregation by assault, and got a unanimous call on the spot.

I like to see a man capable of taking fire — *taking* fire — taking it from some other source outside of himself. Col. J. G. B. Adams, who was held in such high admiration and esteem by his comrades, a very beau ideal of soldier spirit, in a public address found that the fuse was damp or something, and had the frankness to stop and say, “Boys, I think I can go along all right if you will give me a cheer.” They gave him a lift, and he in turn electrified his audience.

Everybody who has the finer feelings and who is good for anything is singularly dependent on the art which we are seeking to commend. When Darwin received a word of praise from Sir John McIntire, he says, it made a new being of him. His latent faculties were then called up. This faculty of evoking the best in another is in its way a kind of genius. Go into a large library, stand in the alcove of biography, glance into books at random — Lincoln, Spurgeon, Benjamin West, statesmen, preachers, artists, an uncounted catalogue ; and note their uniform indebtedness to the first who cheered. They seem to wait for the word of approbation ; and,

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when this has been granted, they rise to meet the public expectation.

For the Mechanics' Hall in Boston seven thousand tickets had been sold in advance, and not a seat on floor or in galleries and not an inch of standing-room remained unoccupied in the aisles, up to the orchestra rails. Just after a solo by Mrs. Barry, a little spark of fire was seen upon the red cloth side of the proscenium. Several men jumped up excitedly and pointed to the little glimmer. In an instant the attention of the whole vast audience was centered upon that one spot. Even as they looked the little flame glided up the side, creeping with startling rapidity along the edge of the fabric. As the audience viewed the scene with subdued terror, a lithe form was noticed approaching. It was substitute Victor, of Engine 22, who with a companion was on duty in the hall. He hesitated for a moment. But men cheered and ladies joined with them, while handkerchiefs and hats were waved in all parts of the great building. Hesitancy instantly vanished. Quickly climbing up the slender framework, hand over hand, and swinging from cross-bar to cross-bar, he seized the cloth, and, tearing it loose, dropped it down where it was grasped by others and the blaze extinguished. Electrified by this noble art of hurrahing, he became a hero. With the sympathetic support of a myriad of souls he seemed to use a strength beyond his own. Having received a cheer, a man cannot turn back.

V

BEING AT ONE'S BEST

When a physician takes a patient's temperature, he places a little sensitive instrument under the tongue or arm. It is called a clinical thermometer. It looks as if it had in it a tiny bit of steel wire that is pushed along up before the column of mercury, and is left at the highest point to which it advances. The greatest height that is attained by the river Nile in its periodical flood is measured and recorded by a Nilometer.

When the heart is lifted up and the emotions attain uncommon elevation, they are in certain ways self-registering. The spirit voices itself in holy resolve, sometimes in a vow. When we are conscious of an ebbtide sort of feeling, and we are far from our best, we wonder that we ever expressed ourselves as the record seems to prove.

The soul has its illuminated moments. At times it glows with a white heat. Each person has his red-letter days, and it is a fine wish for him that his best days last year may be his poorest days in the year to come. Men like St. Paul are sometimes caught up out of themselves. They rise to levels not ordinarily reached. These are moments of power. Men are lifted often into a high mood which changes their whole life.

On that ever-memorable night in which Julius Caesar resolved to take the decisive step which would

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bring him to the front as the foremost man in the foremost nation of the world, and establish an empire that would last a thousand and half a thousand years his mighty soul was greatly agitated. The uttermost depths of his being were broken up. So profoundly was he moved that he gave an entertainment to his officers to divert their attention, that they might not observe how his strong spirit was staggered. The whole course of future history and the fate of every nation are affected by his decision.

About him were darkness, hesitancy, confusion, and within him unutterable struggle, intense anxiety, and tempest. He was living as satrap in a province, and to cross a little stream that divided Italy from Cisalpine Gaul was an outward token of an intention to undertake an enterprise from which he cannot recede and from which he is determined not to recede.

Destiny is poised upon a pivot. There are radiant, priceless instants when they that are awake behold the glory. In minutes like these the clock strikes. This is the hour of vision. The rest of life is given only to the involved details. Many a career is the free gift of a happy moment. At this juncture the man's second sight discerned a portent. It said, "Come!" He was not disobedient to the vision. The world wears its effects to this present year of grace. There is a spirit in man, and the inspiring of it giveth him understanding.

St. Paul saw a man of Macedonia who said, "Come." If on taking the journeys he had inquired for the man that uttered this invitation, he could not

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have been found, as his existence was in the apostle's inspired exaltation of soul. Visions like Paul's come only to men who are passionately religious, but to such they are events of destiny. John Bunyan's pilgrim believes in what he sees from the mountain. When in less favored days he cannot quite discern the Celestial City, he keeps his course, for in his best hours he obtained the right direction. As Jacob went on his way, the angels of God met him.

There is a passage in the life of Samuel J. Mills that suggests almost a like experience. As he was walking on the way to school, his mother, as he knew, having retired to her room to pray for him, not to rise from her knees until she was assured her prayer for her son was heard, the angels of God met him. "Just as I turned the corner the gentle drawing came on." It was a time of great exaltation of feeling. Every month and every week of his impassioned life up to his burial at sea received a dash of color from that crucial era. It makes us think of little Samuel listening for the first time to the voice of God.

Others since have heard a voice they did not know, but after that high experience a greater and better world has become credible and real. There are sublime seasons when we drink of the rivers of God's pleasures, and luminous seasons when as in Wales, in Los Angeles, and Denver, all unannounced God comes to town. There are periods of awakening, of spiritual insight and uplift, of aspiration when a new plane of life is permanently established. There are tides of the soul. If they recede, they also flood.

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“All night the thirsty beach has listening lain
With patience dumb,
Counting the slow, sad moments of her pain;
Now morn has come,
And with the morn the punctual tide again.”

Sometimes a man, like a century-plant, seems to have lived for the sake of one day. Mrs. Adams could not say, “Now to-morrow I will write, ‘Nearer, my God, to Thee,’ ” which will never be outsung, and which carries the human faculty up to the highest point of which we have any distinct knowledge. There are undulations of the spirit. Genius seems always to travel an uneven road. How shall we explain the coming of a day absolutely unheralded when Ray Palmer blossoms with “My faith looks up to Thee,” when General Oliver composes “Federal Street,” when Robinson Crusoe discovers a sail within the horizon, or when Millet sets out the divine “Angelus?” An orator one day is like Naphtali, as “a hind let loose,” and another day he is shut up and cannot come forth. The mood is always more important than the mode.

If a man has abundant life, the plainer, like the ocean, is the exhibit of its ebb and flood. Sometimes he is in the Spirit on the Lord’s day. The Saviour had an hour in which he exclaimed, “Father, I thank thee,” and one in which he said, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death.” David could say, “He hath put a new song in my mouth,” but again, “All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.” In probably the finest analysis ever made of

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Mr. Beecher's mind, attention is drawn to its periodicity. On recurring Sunday mornings nothing less was expected of him than he should electrify an audience. This was bound to occur at almost fixed intervals. Water will pile up a mass, and concentrate force and energy, and the evidence of it chiefly appears when it bursts forth in torrents.

The occasionalism of one's best mood and highest power is a sign, not of poverty, nor of weakness of spirit, but of grandeur and of noble attainment. For a few years a record has been kept of the number of times that newspapers and hearers have given heartiest acclaim to our princeliest orators by using the expression, "They were at their best." A notoriously dull preacher is never thus described.

The lamented George D. Robinson, who attained such celebrity as governor of Massachusetts, sprang suddenly also into surprising eminence in the practice of law, in which he was repeatedly pitted against the recognized leaders of the bar. Men were like clay in his hands. His distinction seemed to inhere in this: he was always at his best. This was said of him in every appearance he made in his long contest with Governor Butler. There is an ill-defined fascination about such an orator. He carries an atmosphere. He takes hearts captive.

Such inspirations must have some form of antecedent preparation. It usually presumes an earlier drudgery. A flame must feed on something. We sometimes say of a man that he is very reserved. He seems to be holding back his best, and keeping all of

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his personality to himself. It is hard to know him; and, if he is a good man and full of ideas and of fine feeling, this is a distinct loss. He might even give his ideas to others, but not himself. He impresses you as a person out of whom more ought to have been made.

But here was a talented governor of large personality, having not only that high reserve that belongs to noble minds, but also such sympathetic relations with others and that full expression of his strength, that on occasion caused a magnetic current to be immediately set up, by which he gave an audience his best, always awaking a response; and they in turn gave him back new elevation of feeling and courage and power. Being keyed up to high pitch when a note was struck, it raised answering vibrations, and the interplay between him and his audience was like that of wireless telegraphy. No amount of simulated animation or enthusiasm could secure these magnetic effects.

Men like him who have succeeded in life have not always been able to point to great opportunities. All that ever came to him was wide open to others. He began by teaching school, and the teacher made the school.

This ability to be at one's best means hard work. It also means seasons of germination. Before a mind is roused it ought to be filled with strong ideas. It distinctly means that one must at the time be at the top of his physical condition. A man must be his best before he can do his best. It is all implied

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when you say of a man that it is in him to make a good salesman or orator.

Take notice of the words "in him." It is there. Stir up the gift that is in thee. You may know that you are in your right work when it fits you. A man is at his best when in an appropriate field he can project his individuality and use his invention. This string is then divinely played upon. What use would it be to try to make a lawyer or a business man out of an Audubon or Agassiz or Robert Burns? William Cowper could not do the work of William Carey, nor John Milton that of John Bunyan. The natural bent is very strong. To naturally "lean that way" augurs better for success than that most fallacious and even sometimes harmful thing which for young men is called "an opening."

There are often found in a theological seminary a few young men who are, as it is said, willing to go abroad as missionaries. Now mere willingness is no more a qualification to be a missionary than willingness to be a general. Men are willing to be great who to-day take their businesss by the blade, and not by the handle.

One of the finest instances of selection was the appointment of David Livingstone as a missionary to Africa. God had chosen him. His career makes one believe in a doctrine of election. The Lord has not repeated himself in creating men. Every mind has its special capacity. Each man is born with a certain bias. There is some particular thing he can do better than he can do anything else. A man will be at his

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best in a calling when he enters not because of position and salary, but because it attracts him as a valley attracts a river, when he moves inevitably toward the result, and when he has pleasure in his work. Shakespeare's works are rightly called plays. They came so spontaneously that he did not even sign his name to them. Lord Bacon would never have let *Hamlet* go anonymous into the world.

When St. Paul, at an exigency in his experience, is accorded liberty to speak for himself, and begins, "I think myself happy, King Agrippa," it is enough. You will hear him at his best. It will be an event. The mood is right, the audience just right; everything is as he would have it. There is something in the atmosphere that makes Paul feel that now he can let himself out.

A man is likeliest to be at his best when his work is done with an air of cheerfulness and performed with a sort of personal joy. Where work is done in this spirit, no profession is crowded. Happy is the man who finds his task. "Give us, O, give us, the man who sings at his work. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer." A man cannot be at his best who is in bondage to his employment. "Beyond his chain he cannot go."

When does a man have his photograph taken? It is not immediately after a chill. In what attitude do we desire to leave the more permanent record of ourselves? One of the delightful things about Dr. Holmes was his "delicate enjoyment of himself." He

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treated himself as a third person who to him was interesting. If a man is to have a delicate enjoyment of himself, it ought to be chiefly when he is at his best, when in moments of exalted feeling, in general elevation of spirit, when mind and heart are in powerful action.

In his most celebrated effort Dr. Nott, in giving that eloquent eulogy of Alexander Hamilton, who fought the duel with Aaron Burr, exclaimed, "It was a moment in which Hamilton was not himself." A man does not always live up to the best there is in him. Simon Peter had his weak hours; so did Esau when everything in him was relaxed, his body was exhausted, his mind flagged, his courage had faded. "If anything should ever separate us, you must think of me at my best," said Steerforth to David Copperfield. Standing on the shore of the Mississippi, one can often see a stretch of sandy strand showing that sometimes the river is fuller than at others. It is a symbol of life.

When does a man say to himself, "That is you?" When he is at his best or when he is in his weak hours? It lifts the general average of life if he makes the most of his best mood, lives in the light of it, remembers it, and carries into all his prosier days the enthusiasms of it. A man ought to be just to his best heart, and to measure himself, and to have faith in what he thinks when he is at his brightest and best. "The best man is man at the best." Every one has some strong point, and the manliest man is the man who is thoroughly himself when his qualities have

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come to their best flower. Let no one of us think that he has no best; for, if his special aptitudes are once summoned, it will be proved that he has a best which individualizes him.

One of the finest possible correctives to a person is to ask himself as he approaches his desk at school, or his study-table at home, or as he takes up difficult duty or discipline, or attempts to meet high public expectation, "Am I now at my best?" If not, why not? No man is at his best if some unforgiven sin lieth crouching at the door.

We read of Jesus that He returned in the power of the Spirit. There is a divine increment that will sometimes give an intense sympathy with others, an infectious enthusiasm, a more magnetic humanity, and an unspeakable yet indefinable augment of strength. John the Baptist was a prophet; yet Jesus said of him that he was "more than" a prophet. Now it is in that "more than" that lay the whole hiding of his power. That was the element that imparted the force. Some religious men know by conscious experience what that complement is. Some one has wisely pointed out that the world will be brightened not by extraordinary men, but by ordinary men with extraordinary power.

To occasionally raise the question, "Am I now at my best?" as one comes to his most intense study-hour will disclose to him some of the sins of appetite, the sin of the misuse of late evening hours and heinous transgression of the fixed laws of good health.

A review of personal history seems to reveal that great opportunities come unawares, and on their ap-

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proach are invariably disguised in humble garb. It cannot be questioned but doors of opportunity, chances of gain and emolument, openings to position and reputation, have been unessayed by many a man because when for him the clock of destiny struck he was not at his best, and did not discern them nor see their import. Only in luminous moments, in high moods, when the mind seems to perceive things intuitively, is the faculty of vision clarified.

If with a conscious feeling that something was expected of him each person should first make a study, and then an effort to be more often, then, if possible, more continuously, at his best, what a general perpendicular lift would be given to the race and to the world! A new earth would almost be in sight if each individual, to make it better, would attend, although incidentally to his work for others, to his own betterment.

Being at ~~your~~ best, on what do you lavish your best? Everybody has some object or person, himself or another, on which he lavishes his choicest endowment. We know where the alabaster box was broken. It is a gift of the best that touches the heart. Abraham brought Isaac to the altar, his best. Being at our best, but what for? There is nothing too good for friendship, nothing too good for the church or the college, and nothing too good to apply to young men and women who are in the formative stage of their lives.

VI

THE NEW FORUM AND THE OLD LYCEUM

The happiest set of people that I have lately seen was in a Sunday evening forum. The atmosphere was like that of a reunion of friends. In token of sympathy and approval a ripple of applause broke out upon the silence at the conclusion of the prayer. On this evening the clock never loiters on its way to ten, and when its two hands are together there, the leader comes to the edge of the platform, and after a moment's pause, in token of the prevailing good feeling, dismisses the large company with the words "Good night," which are taken up in remote parts of the house, "Good night," "Good night," "Good night." A chairman for a forum is born, not made. He gives the boat a good push from the shore and then takes the tiller. A misfit here is fatal. He has generalship, a gift which nature sometimes plenteously bestows, but more often withholds. He is a person having both force and friends. He knows the front door to the human heart. He sounds the dominant note, gives the key, elevates the feeling, excites expectation, like Julius Caesar is "in the midst of things," controls the situation and projects his individuality. No leader, no forum — this is fact number one. Followers soon take on the traits of a leader of ability and distinction. When you know

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a captain you see his company; a regiment is the counterpart of its colonel; an army will take vital character from a Nathaniel Greene, a Stuart, or a Sheridan. The maker's name is on the handle. A forum is not merely an audience, it is a spirit. Its pet aversion is dullness. Ancestral worship, which once brought to the Chinese a form of national paralysis, does not fit a forum's needs. Wit and entertainment are not here given the place that was accorded them in the old lyceum. The mood and atmosphere are different. Anything academic, merely historical or cultural or exegetical, of what Jefferson said, or Hamilton meant, or Edwards taught, is more welcome elsewhere. The speaker must have a message — this is fact number two.

KEEPES THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD

A stump speech is never heard. None of the fiery soapbox orators of the street corners are permitted to harangue the audience. Use is made only of crowned and recognized talent. There are no risks, no seconds, no maiden efforts. Nothing is amateurish. A boy who saw crepe on a door said there must be "deadness" in the family. So far from this, a forum instead of sending all zealots to the rear, brings to the front all the enthusiasts who feel and care and who give life and force to a movement, provided strictly that they strive lawfully and play according to the rules of the game. What shall be done with men who adhere to their little beliefs and obstinacies very much as the China-

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man carries his little joss to every corner of the earth and as Rachael had her sacred images always by the tent as she journeyed? These men are like the ancient mariner who must declare his woe. A man who has the measles is in an unpropitious condition unless they "come out." The patient is watched until the thing with which he is afflicted shows itself on the surface. So with a man obsessed with an idea; when he states it, it becomes objective to him and he sees it reflected at different angles. A faddist, in a rut, follows only a furrow, where a little cross plowing, the very thing that the question hour supplies, is needed. Stop an intelligent citizen on the street and ask him what he supposes to be the essentials of a forum and he will probably say an accessible place of meeting on neutral ground, rather free from ecclesiastical staidness and association, a master of assemblies for leader, and a large cosmopolitan community in which are many individuals with certain ideals touching Americanism, particularly democracy. Not so! Your man does not stand quite high enough to get a sidewise look at a forum. The secret of all success is inherent in this: The members must be made to feel interested in each other — this is fact number three. At this all the leaders aim in the Hungry Club, of Pittsburgh; in the Sunday Evening Club, of Chicago; and in such sample forums as are found at Houston, Texas; Manchester, New Hampshire; Melrose, Massachusetts; Toledo, Ohio; Kansas City, Mo.; and Bellows Falls, Vermont.

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NOT THE CAVE OF ADULLAM

Men are not like ships that pass in the night. Detached persons cannot make a nucleus for a Sunday evening forum. A man thought to gain a swarm of bees by catching them, as he had opportunity, one by one. But individuals do not make a hive; they have no relationship, no bond of unity or existence. They must have a queen, a form of co-operation, and together become a colony and be an entity. They must first create a union before they can develop *esprit de corps*. While a principle like this has always been true, its practical working is doubly obvious during these last few years of social revival. One motive for attendance is fellowship, one and another going because some others go, who are a lodestone. Now, just as a person who would study colonial architecture turns to the John Hancock house in Boston, or to the Nichols and Cook-Oliver residences in the older settlement of Salem, so to enjoy a forum one can best observe the great prototype on some Sunday night in Ford Hall, a tall, stately building, having the semblance of a bank and standing adjacent to the State House in Boston. Here is the central sun, whose brightness gloriously appears, amid diverse conditions, in nearly two hundred reflected lights. The Ford Hall Forum is not a sort of home for the friendless and the socially non-elect. It represents a serried array of white-collared men. George W. Coleman, alert, magnetic, giving the impression of vigor, vitality, and sincerity, also of having forces that he has no

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expectation of using, rises and opens the meeting with the calmness and precision of a man of affairs and of a member of the Boston City Council. Here is the modern St. George, who sets forth to destroy a mighty dragon that menaces the life of the common people. His promptness and his fairness, and his facility and felicity in making the articulations of the service are manifest. At every point he seeks to advance the thought and the good feeling of the occasion. On ascending the platform some chairmen begin to reach for a small mallet to begin a clatter. He makes no use of the gavel. He does not put his audience under the ferule like school children. He does not come to them with a rod. He requires no insignia of his authority. He is more inspirational, creative, and constructive than the presiding officer of the old lyceum, the pride and boast of every community, in its halcyon days ever became. In the old lyceum at the last it grew to be a custom not to introduce well-known, well-advertised speakers, excepting chiefly John B. Gough, whose popularity outlasted that of all his contemporaries, and whose early obsession was a mild form of stage fright, causing him to insist upon being introduced in order to give him a moment to get hold of himself and to take the measure of his audience.

BACK TO SUNDAY NIGHT

If a tendency exists to abandon the Sunday-night meeting I am against it. There is but one great vital question before the Christians today and

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that is: what shall we do with our Sabbath evenings? Ford Hall always expects to be full. The doors separate a large inspiring company into two parts, as those without often equal those within. In the old lyceum at Salem, as the great hall was not large enough for the audience, the lecture given on Tuesday night was repeated on Wednesday evening. The orthodox formed the habit of coming together Tuesday night and the Unitarians attended on Wednesday evening. But in the street in front of Ford Hall the overflow stands in close formation and is called the "bread line." This feature did not escape the all-seeing eye of the press, and the newspapers have become the forum's best ally: "Standing room only;" "Hall full;" "Oh, let us in though late!" "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now." Thus tarries outside, at times, a sort of reserve audience, anxious to be present in the second hour when the speaker is plied with questions. Lectures at Chautauquas and before women's clubs do not furnish this electrifying reaction. At the end of the first period, when some of the commuters must drop out to reach their trains, all those who have waited patiently fill up the empty spaces. "Sometimes," once remarked an intelligent Japanese, "we express our feelings in Japan—opinions we have none." It is different in a forum. It is often conjectured that the question hour will be monopolized by the prophet of protest, who would want a different picture thrown upon the canvas before the eyes of the company. Such is not the event. The question in every

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case is taken up and repeated by the director of the meeting, who limits each person to one question, thus admitting no surplus discussion and scattering any running fire. The chairman designates the section of the house from which the question may come. "Tonight we will begin with the gallery on my right." Thus many ideas are advanced before the heat that exists in spots is reached, and then it is but a step across. Wherever there is a big immigration a forum should exist. It does for those coming to America just what the old lyceum did for those who had earlier reached these shores.

THE YEARS HAVE PASSED—THERE REMAINS A MEMORY

In the old lyceum the question was addressed by the listener directly to the lecturer. Not until 1826, twenty years after the lyceum was introduced into this country, was there an interchange of lecturers at Millbury, Massachusetts. Not one rod of railroad existed for their use. The country towns were themselves social centers, not having been drained into the cities, nor impaired to meet the demands of manufacturing centers. The communities were isolated and each had to furnish its own light and entertainment. In the lyceum at Salem, from 1830 to 1845, native Salemites delivered 127 of all the lectures. The most intelligent and ingenious members of the community supplied the home talent. Individuals who had completely mastered some subject and could speak upon it with generally recognized authority met all public expectations, and,

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at the close of an address, any man like Mr. Holman, the universal objector, had more swing than the forum affords, as members of the lyceum could ask the lecturer to make certain points more obvious, and thus arose the questionnaire. During this period maps, specimens, apparatus, and products were often exhibited. When Essex County, Massachusetts, had twenty-six towns, it had twenty-three lyceums supported respectively almost wholly by their own townsmen. Women had not then come to their own. A lady could not in early days buy a ticket of admission to the Salem Lyceum, which had 853 lectures in its first fifty years, unless introduced by a gentleman. Anna E. Dickinson, the oratorical Joan of Arc, with her far-famed invective, had not then changed the vote of Vermont and been reckoned in lyceum circles with the great triumvirate, Gough, Beecher, and Phillips, as one of the "Big Four." There were thirty lyceums in Boston alone. In his town Emerson lectured ninety-eight times, and Thoreau nineteen times, and all without pay. Concord's lyceum, being one of the first, projected 784 lectures, 105 debates, and 14 concerts, the last of these being in 1870. The woman's club in many communities is rapidly becoming substantially a lyceum course. This is not only suggestive, it is ominous. It was not dependent originally on importations of talent. The interest that was felt and developed was in one another. The entertainment came up out of the life of the members. Many of the lectures now given would be enjoyed by mere

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men. The clubs are too large to meet in a home. To go into a hall means lectures. When in cities a woman's club house is obtained — the unique social purpose of the organization is restored. The original Chautauqua idea stood for courses of study, textbooks, and, in part, education at home. But we find here, as in all evolution, a reversion to type, and in many of the widely scattered Chautauquas the lyceum idea in the ascendent with lecturers and others so slated as to make the circuit.

CARRIED TO THE ZENITH OF ANOTHER GLORY

The forum has the very proper rule that the speaker must steer clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of both religious and political contentions. This rule was affected by the old lyceum, and all volcanic subjects were interdicted. It was observed for nearly thirty years, but in the late fifties the great apostles of reform conferred not with flesh and blood. It may be doubted if that galaxy that gave the lyceum its unexampled prosperity and brilliancy would ever have attained such glory had they trimmed and counted their lives dear unto themselves. They were denied the newspapers; not until 1856 were lyceum lectures adequately reported. This gave the early lecturers occasion to carry their messages to different communities instead of having the newspaper, after their first efforts, do the work for them once for all. There are, however, thousands of topics used in the new forum and in the old lyceum which, if shaken together in a hat, could

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not be redistributed into the two classes except as guided by a certain dignity and demureness detected in the statement of those which were used in the old lyceum. Tailors use the same cloth and the same sewing, but the difference in garments is in the cut.

Gentlemen of the old school stand revealed by such lyceum themes as these: "Traits of the Times," "Alleged Uncertainty of Law," "The Mutual Relations and Influences of the Various Occupations of Life," "Phariseeism," "Injustice of History to the Common People," "Have We a Bourbon among Us?" "Sectional Prejudices." The educational and cultural benefits of the old lyceum are beyond estimation.

REFLEX INFLUENCE OF LYCEUM ORATORY

One could not travel through Massachusetts forty years ago without detecting its spirit. It had its survival in the real eloquence that was often let loose in the town meeting. A considerable portion of the school boy's education was early devoted to public declamation. The end of the term in school and academy was given to an "exhibition" of it. Oratory suited the public taste. Lyceum Hall, Lynn's ancient forum, standing at the corner of Market and Summer streets on the present site of Odd Fellows Hall, rang with free-soil and anti-slavery eloquence. All paths led to it. The people crowded its gates. No small amount of history can be traced to it. When a man is working for a reform he

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instinctively tries to get at the ear; the eye gate is second choice. It may be the agitator is so called because he so loved to agitate the atmosphere. He is in accord with the eminent Dr. Rush, who said: "The perfection of the ear as an avenue to knowledge is not sufficiently known. Ideas acquired through that organ are much more durable than those acquired by the eye." The lyceum germ found then a fertile soil. But as our death flies to us with our own feathers, so what was best in the old lyceum became its undoing. When the business instinct usurped its management the lecture was standardized. Its talent, its popularity, its effectiveness were capitalized. For each of his first lectures John B. Gough averaged less than a dollar. His first established fee was eight dollars. "Let me handle this thing," said the bureau, "and it will be a good thing for us both." Mr. Beecher for one lecture was paid a thousand dollars. His biographer states that not less than a million dollars were received by him for his public services. In the years 1874-87 he delivered more than twelve hundred lectures. The lecture became profitable, not only to the topliners, but to the managers. That title, "Star Course," is full of sad suggestions. Most money was made on star speakers, who eliminated the element of uncertainty, and so things narrowed and centered into a star course. Henry M. Stanley, having found Livingstone, earned \$287,070 with 110 lectures. Other attractions paled before it. The expense became enormous and prohibitive, involving a risk and to all

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managers a burden which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear. A general reliance was placed on John B. Gough to make up what was lost on other speakers.

REGARD FOR THE LOAVES AND FISHES

The lyceum now went, not with the lecture end, but with the business end, foremost. When the parsonage needed to be repaired, or the church painted or the chapel required a piano, a lecture course was plotted to which tickets were not bought but to which tickets were sold by an active every-member canvass. The first one hundred dollars ever paid for a lecture was given to Daniel Webster by the lyceum in Salem. But the honorarium was not wages, nor was it thought of or handed out as such. It was a personal tribute like the gift of a silver set, after one of his speeches, from Amos Lawrence. Neither the hundred dollars, nor the silver set stand to the orator's credit in the estimation of his biographers, for they always point out as one of his two great faults his readiness, like General Grant, to receive presents. Now the forum is not exposed to the mercenary evil that broke the lyceum down. There is to be no worship of the golden calf. No admission fees and no collections made the rule. The money is supplied by funds and friends. And in the old lyceum's golden age there were not as many lecturers as are now heard before the new forums, the commercial clubs, the many existing country and small town lyceums, the numer-

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ous Chautauquas, and the women's social, charitable, and upward-influence organizations. The glory of Israel has not departed. The country has not gone sterile of orators. Four thousand persons among us live chiefly by lecturing. The lyceum, with present-day revivals, makes a splendid page of inspirational history. It is distinctively American. Indeed, one of our ex-presidents calls it, the "most American thing in America."

VII

NOT NEGRO CHURCHES, BUT CHURCHES

Columbus on discovering the Gem of the Antilles exclaimed, "Santa Gloria!" but the natives say "Jamaica," which means "The Land of Fountains." Only two islands in the world, it is said, equal it in beauty, Java and Ceylon. Jamaica might be the original Garden of Eden, except for the lack of apple trees. The only way to describe the climate is to think of perfection. In my memory gallery is the vivid picture of an Isle of Rest, which has no succession of seasons, but each morning ushers in a perfect day in perfect June, where frosts are unknown, and where the cocoanut trees have no fixed seasons for blossoming and fruiting, but where orchards bloom and yield their ripened harvest at the same moment in an uninterrupted "good old summer time." A single night's frost would annihilate almost the entire vegetation of Jamaica. About us are the happy-hearted children of the sun, black as Erebus. "Good-mawning, Honey," is the salutation from the Jamaica women, who are joyous and buoyant and interesting. They seem to have, all of them perfect health and good spirits. I wondered where the invalids were. If health is our greatest blessing, next to our holy religion and a good conscience, what would not a myriad of American women give for their Jamaica sister's possession of high spirits, health, and a spontaneous flow of

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language, that seems to come from a happy, artless heart! These daughters of Ham are stalwart and soldier-like in their personal carriage. They are as erect as statues, have a step as elastic as a race-horse, carry the head with natural grace, and move with a firm, solid stride that means both strength and beauty. This uprightness of figure and this swinging gait are developed under the universal custom of bearing all their burdens on their heads. In the morning, on market-day, they came in like a flood, and later, they receded like the ebb. Some one has said that man was the principle object in creation, and woman, being made from a rib, was a side issue, but it is not so in Jamaica. The tread of the statuesque maidens, as the Scripture says, "black, but comely," seems muffled, as nothing is addressed to the ear but the gentle patter, patter of their bare feet upon the smooth road. Their shoes, when worn, move, from habit, toward the church. The same young women that, in rather sketchy clothing, were bearing their head-loads on Saturday, are bravely dressed up the next day, for they live for Sunday, and fill their churches as we do not, particularly on Sunday nights. This is their most formative characteristic, and their faces look radiant when they speak of Sunday or even think of it. Their desire to appear well at public service is the chief incentive to the work and economy of the week. More money is spent on the adornment of the person than in the gratification of the appetite. What a market for American goods will be made when all our sable friends appear in reasonably, comely attire on week

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days, as well as Sundays, and when, instead of keeping house in a nutshell, they begin to enlarge and furnish their dwellings. Negroes in the South and in the islands and in Africa are the greatest potential market in the world to-day. The building up of wealth follows a sharpening of the intellect. All little innocent blacknesses, as Charles Lamb called the London sweeps, are arrayed through the week in about such apparel as we associate with the Prodigal Son at the time of his return to his father's house, there being hardly cloth enough in their garments to make borders for the holes. It is not true in Jamaica that clothes make the man, the Sabbath excepted. This is a sun-blessed land, where the Negro question is settled, or where it simply does not exist. There are so few whites that their number is insignificant as regards the ordinary run of things on the island, and so no distinctions are obtruded. The white people do not draw the color-line, and, of course, the others do not. There are no Negro churches, and yet, all the worshippers, in any one of them, will be black, save a bare half-dozen whites. Taking the island, together, most of the ministers are black; and yet, the white preachers in Kingston, the capital city, have black congregations, the few white worshippers being scattered, like polka dots, pretty evenly among all the congregations. With almost an entire absence of other places of meeting, the church is the centre of even their social life. The pastor is an unique individual, and is a bureau of information, being besieged with questions, is the advisor of his people, a referee on matters of

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grave importance, a peace maker, and a herald of civilization. The natural religious instincts seem strongest in colored people, and they have, in the United States, more members of the Christian Church, proportionately than any other. They make grand audiences. Here are youth and life and song and great numbers and faith unmixed with doubt. This capacity for religion carries the promise and prophecy of great development, unless we abandon the missionary method at home and abroad, and remove the ladder up which the Puritans have risen in the world. Association with these exiles of Ethiopia reveals the reason that the ark, the lion's den, the wedding garment, the marriage supper of the Lamb, the fitness of the dress on the resurrection morning, and everything that relates to the transit from this world to the next, have impressed themselves so indelibly upon their minds. They are an imaginative race, and, too, they have not derived their religious ideas from the written Word, nor from studying the pages of the Inspired Volume, but from their preachers and they remember best the realistic, the picturesque, on the principle that it is the illustrations "the bears" in a sermon that alone make it impossible for ministers to repeat it without its being recognized. It was finely suggestive to have the brakeman, a fine human form cut in ebony, open the door of the car and shout "Porus, Porus," named, of course, after one of the deserters in Columbus's own crew, who, losing faith in the king of discoverers, set out, on the island, to shift for himself. In taking the census, and everywhere, three tints

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are recognized; black, colored, and white; and those that are nearly white are, by law, classed as white. Here are American cars, but black conductors and brakeman and engineers. Who is jarred by colored trainmen, colored baggagemen and conductors? In a market, what difference does it make whether the supplies have come from a white or a colored farmer? If a black gardener has a better article, the hotels — and they have the money — will turn to him, and so will the poor people, if he has a real reason why patronage should be turned his way, and so his business will grow. The forces of nature are color-blind and show no favor to black or white, as such. A black man can raise as much from the soil as can the whitest white man. Nature has no race prejudice, and does not ask a person his color. The soil is like folks, the more you love it the more it loves you, whether white or black. Nature's principle, if observed, would give a colored man the advantage of good location, if he deserves it, which, in some latitudes, is denied him now, keeping him from the best streets, when any business in any city, no matter how well manned, will fall into decay in a poor location, such as a colored man, for the sole reason that he is colored, must take. Nature's principle, too, would make him feel, if arrested and punished, that he is not an object of persecution and proscription, and would cause him to discriminate between himself and his vices. Accentuating the distinction between right and wrong, and not the lines of racial descent, would break the force of the infamous maxim, that all Negroes are blood brethren and that

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they must not do anything against their color, even if it is found on the wrong side. But evolution is patient and the door of reform is never closed. It is not fair to judge any people *en bloc*. The colored people of Jamaica are more contented and happy than those of their race in this country, and yet, no friend of American Negroes would advise them to go to Jamaica, for in forty-eight years of freedom here, more progress has been made than in the seventy-three years since emancipation there. For example, in Jamaica, seventy-five per cent. of the colored children are not called to keep the commandment, "Honor thy father" . . . for the reason that so large a majority of them can say, as the gifted Booker T. Washington does, "I do not know who my own father was. I have no idea who my grandmother was." Our schools and teachers are fast displacing the idea that morality and religion, like the Jews and the Samaritans, have no dealings, one with the other. A short residence among the colored people reveals that they do not think that our Negro colleges should be put under the control of teachers and trustees of that race, which, neither before nor after emancipation, could be left to itself. The Universities for colored youth exhibit relatively and exactly the position and the duties of each race and show practically what we believe will be the solution of the race problem. In treating of this matter, however, we ought never to use the word problem; but opportunity, for what we call a great problem is a great opportunity. White men are by nature pioneers, and have taken up arms and obtained, at a

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great price, their freedom, while the slaves were helped by the whites to secure theirs, and such a relation came to exist that the nation cannot now be divided against itself with its two great forces alienated from each other and split asunder into hostile camps. For whites to assume the initiative and chief obligation in leading the toil-worn, whip-scared blacks up from slavery is consistent with the beginning made a half century ago for that people who, from no fault of their own, are the victim of circumstances. Their great need is of leaders, a Paul Revere to awake and give incentive, and a Sheridan to organize and set the pace. Colored people are quick to respond to whatever touches their sympathies. They seem best governed through their affections. The appeal that touches them must be addressed, not only to the head, but to the heart. The Negro is patriotic, benevolent, devoted, obliging, patient, self-sacrificing, possessing an able-bodied desire to help himself, and having in him all the latent qualities of a good citizen, he is

“As much a man
As moves the human throng among.
As much the part of the great plan,
With which creation’s dawn began,
As any of the throng.”

VIII

TYING THE SILKEN KNOT

On my resigning a pastorate of nearly twelve years' duration, the congregation heard with surprise that I had married more persons than could at one time be seated in the church. From services rendered at Hymen's altar my income had come to average more than three hundred dollars per annum.

Being some years in the ministry without being myself married, as wedding fees were lavished upon me, I sometimes wondered whether they would at length go for oats or for apparel for a possible associate pastor, not feeling that I could afford the expense of both. When, however, my heart astonished me by growing imperious, I deducted from the sum of my wedding fees, which I had always sacredly kept in a little fund by themselves, enough to buy a ring, and then raised the question we used to discuss before the days of tariff reform, "And what shall we do with our surplus?"

My hearing that all ministers who were in good and regular standing in this calling always gave their wedding fees to their wives — and the Scripture says that a bishop must be the husband of one wife — was an instant suggestion to me as to the direction in which

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all back pay should be turned. The new associate pastor to whom I had given the right-hand of fellowship became the treasurer of this fund. To her I could go to borrow money whenever I needed help around some rugged corner.

She soon discovered that for weddings, as well as for the shoe industry, there are two seasons, one of which culminates in the month of roses as the other does at Thanksgiving. At these eminent periods the exchequer of the associate pastor was sometimes enlarged by three weddings in a day. On our reaching our present home, and feeling comparatively unacquainted, still the receipts from this fruitful source were fifty dollars within three weeks, and, while sitting at the table, with this article unfinished, I am called to make two hearts to beat as one.

Not the least among one's joys is to find so many couples of young people, some of them by this time not so exceedingly young, who seem to remember the minister with such unmixed pleasure. I had never seen one young man until he came to engage me for his wedding. I next saw him at his marriage service. Always thereafter as I would be going, at five o'clock, for my daily exercise, to the gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association, he would be returning from his work. When we met thus, he would never say in passing, "How do you do?" or, "It is a pleasant day," but, bowing profoundly, would say, "I thank you." I thought I observed that the

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flight of time added fervor to his salutation, which was without variation, "I thank you."

Later,

A DEAF AND DUMB COUPLE CAME

to the parsonage to be married. Their friends, bereft of hearing and of speech, gathered at a point which enabled them to look into the house from the opposite side of the street. Proximity avails nothing to the deaf and dumb. All they seek is to be within the range of vision. Standing in the parlor before the gaze of their admiring friends, having upon a pad of paper given assent to the ordinance, they joined hands at my request, and nodded an enthusiastic response to the written words, "I pronounce you man and wife." On hearing of the incident a friend remarked that he could understand how a mute marriage could be solemnized, but he did not so readily apprehend what a minister would do when it came to the prayer. To which the reply was made that the prayer was not addressed to the happy pair.

On a subsequent day it was announced that I had callers. I went down, and found my mute friends whom I had tied together. I spent a long time with them in the plentiful use of stationery, stopping at times to sharpen my pencil, and then beginning again. Finally I excused myself a moment, and hastened to the associate pastor, and said: "Do come down and help me. I have been using all my wits for half an hour in trying by some indirect sentences to find out what it is they want."

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When in school the associate pastor, to avoid whispering and thus breaking the rules, had acquired the deaf and dumb alphabet,—in which, by rapid and violent use of the hands, accompanied by varying expressions of countenance, a great deal of meaning could be conveyed,—she little thought in the circumstances under which she was acquiring the language that she was fitting herself for the very difficult duties and responsibilities of a minister's wife. She found in a moment that the couple had come to make a polite call, and to this day sometimes entertains us by the signs and gestures which the bride—who found no trouble in bridling her tongue, nor in exemplifying the truth that if speech is silver, silence is golden—used in gleefully bearing testimony to the glad fact that her husband was tender toward her and kind.

Upon another day a policeman appeared before the house, having a couple in tow that had agreed to be married. They were asked into the parlor, and he planted his huge bulk in the frame of the only door that would yield them exit.

The service being over, the bridegroom asked me how much he had damaged me.

I replied, “Not at all.”

He inquired again, “How much do you ask?”

“Nothing. My church provides for me. I make no charge.”

He said he thanked me. I told him he was welcome. At which the burly policeman electrified the new benedict by lifting his hand and, pointing his index finger first at him and then toward me, exclaim-

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ing loudly: "You give him something. The elder is trying to be a gentleman; now let us see you begin by being one; you give him something."

Then instantly, with an expression of nervous solicitude, like the war-god in the "*Iliad*," the bridegroom suddenly "smote his thigh with a down stroke of his hands." This act in his case was not "penitential." He was feeling in his clothes to see if he could find any loose silver or other portable property wherewith to meet the sudden requirements of this unexpected stress of life. All of his available means aggregated one dollar, thus leaving him indebted by twenty-five cents to the associate pastor, as the law of this State allows a dollar and a quarter to the clergyman for performing this most beneficent of all his services.

In order not to be invidious, as the couples that were married in our church always had Mendelssohn's Wedding March played in their honor, being in Geneva we had this same suggestive and memorable air put into a music-box, so that the instant we heard the slam of the hack door in front of the parsonage, announcing that the bridal couple had alighted, we could begin to wind up this automatic musical instrument, and thus disappoint none of our welcome visitors by not supplying with each matrimonial service an appropriate march.

No opportunity, however, was afforded for the sweet influences of music when, on returning one evening from some pastoral calls, perhaps too extended, I noticed, in passing the parlor door, a young

TYING THE SILKEN KNOT

couple awaiting my coming. I said, "Good evening," but they made no reply, but solemnly rose, and carefully joined their right hands in silence, and then looked at me significantly and suggestively, as much as to say, "We have waited too long to waste time in words: what we want is the exercise of your office."

Knowing my theme, the associate pastor emphatically enjoins me not to tell the gentle reader about the oddities of weddings, which I have even now only begun to catalogue, but to describe the pretty, sentimental scenes where the brides came in carriages to the parsonage, wearing light dresses, with many flowers and no hats, and became crimson with blushes from sheer bashfulness. This the limitation of my space forbids.

The time will never come when humanity will lose its peculiar interest in weddings. "All the world loves a lover." "A man," says Emerson, "is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors." Herein, some one has said, lies the subtle skill of the true wife; she detects in her husband the latent vein of golden ore; she knows how to expose that particular angle of his character which reveals the finest hues. It is marvelous how womanly love will drape in royal robes the most unkingly of creatures; how it persists in seeing in the idol to which it has once given its allegiance a greatness and a goodness, an excellence of motive and conduct, which the world is unable to discover; how it finds a reason for a weakness, and an excuse for a

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fault; how it seeks to divest even sin of its shame and repulsiveness. While it is true that no man is a hero to his valet, yet it is certain that if he appear not as one to his wife, the failure must be of his own making.

A writer who has essayed a scientific study in this line of research, says one of our most graceful literators, affirms that "romantic love," or, as he defines it, "prematrimonial love," "is a modern sentiment less than a thousand years old;" and is sure that "the Bible takes no account of it," and that it has no recognition in ancient classic literature. Be that as it may, it is here now. All my observation teaches me that it is likely to stay. And let all the people say, "Amen."

IX

THE SUPERLATIVE VACATION

When a hot dispute had been finished it was left to two judges to decide upon the finest route in England. Both wrote on slips of paper. One of them, being unfolded, read "From Coventry to Warwick." The other crisply stated, "From Warwick to Coventry." After all the discussion about vacation if two judges are asked to decide what is the pleasantest course in summer, the report is herewith submitted in writing: One of them says, "From Salem to Lenox;" the other affirms, "From Lenox to Salem." The trip must be made in a light carriage, having a wooden pail wherewith to water the steed, pendant from the hind axle. The high stepper, whose family name is Victor, an alert, handsome, well-bred individual, with a star in his forehead, and with an abundance of nervous energy, mettle and spring, enjoyed the outing as much as his master, for his high spirits rose every mile of the way, which always seemed short, proving that even a horse needs a vacation as well as a man, or a minister's wife.

The most interesting and most sensitive specimens of the equine race are not only docile, but affectionate and capable even, of a deep and lasting attachment. They seem to have a real craving for human notice. They dislike to be left in solitary

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positions. They are distinctly and noticeably gregarious, and in their wild state are never found alone. Essentially, by their very nature, they must love something. It touches the heart to have a horse reach out his forefoot and begin to paw until his master assures him that he recognizes him, and comes up along side of him, and speaks to him, and pets him. And the horse likes it. I confess to a feeling of pleasure and even of pride, when leaving the horse outside the door, I have gone into a house and have heard him whinny for me to return to him. In my vanity, I had hoped other people would notice it. I am so human as to have become infatuated with the friendship of a choice courser of superior breeding, such as we find among the best horses, in the light harness class. There is a beautiful sympathy by which a superb animal, with unused possibilities of speed, and his driver seem to be one, which a man cannot feel in handling the ribbons over the back of a thick headed, dull witted cart horse. Some one asked, "Will not the automobile displace the horse?" "It will if it hits him," and only then. From my English ancestry, by inheritance and habit, I have come to admire the intelligence, beauty and superb action of a high headed, spirited steed. I would rather draw the reins over him than to sit on the front seat of a road engine and turn a wheel. An automobile, though painted red, does not tempt me to exchange my beautiful bay. From a lad, my sympathies have flowed out to the Arab of the desert whose whole property con-

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sisted of a fine mare that the French Consul purchased to send to his sovereign, Louis XIV. Hunger and that of wife and children, weighing heavily, momentarily turning the scales, induced the Arab to bring the mare to the dwelling of the Consul, where, dismounted and standing leaning against her, with eyes dimmed with tears, he looked now at the gold and then at his favorite.

“My beautiful! my beautiful!
That standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck,
And wild and fiery eye,
Who said that I had given thee up?
Who said I had thee sold?
'Tis false! 'tis false, my Arab steed,
I'll fling them back their gold.”

You will be told that, in a day, with an automobile a party has covered the distance from Albany, N. Y. I am not now thinking of covering long distances. If so, I can take a seat in a Pullman car and look out of the window. I want to exorcise the demon of hurry. How much in haste the people of today look. Watch them rush and push through the depots to clamber quickly into their automobiles. When seated, the chauffeur opens to the last notch, all the speed he dares to use, and they roll off in a cloud of dust, as if they, for some reason were behind time. Vacation pleasure is rather to be found in enjoying, with a spirit of leisure, the rural scenes by the wayside, the birds and brooks, the field and forests, sharing the enjoyment meanwhile with your

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seatmate in the carriage, and with your thoroughbred Arabian in shape, and of handsome style and quality in the thills. This is to enjoy a horse. President Roosevelt tried to keep the country stirred up over a greater navy. In the event of war, however, our lack will not be big ships, nor will it be chauffeurs who can handle with skill these huge upholstered road and speed machines. Nor will it be patriots, whose hearts are with the country, and whose leisure is spent in the highback seats of an automobile. But the deficiency will be just where it was found in Rome's earlier experiences and on the Union side in the earlier days of the Civil War, in men who are familiar with a horse and who could supply a cavalry service. Stonewall Jackson, the hero of the flank movement, gained his great victories and his great reputation by the celerity of his movements made possible by the familiarity of Southerners with horses. When pressed in battle, the Russians could fall back sullenly, and the Japanese, unfamiliar with horses, could not strike their flank, nor cut off their retreat. The mastery of nations has in every case come from the possession of horses. The amazing rapidity of the spread of Mohammedanism came from the same sort of ownership. If with the improvement of firearms, cavalry grows less effective, yet recent experiences in war show, that in future, the conspicuous part will be borne by mounted infantry. At Chattanooga, in preparation for the Spanish War, some young patriots, although clutching at the reins with

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both hands in frantic efforts to hold themselves on, kept tumbling off their mounts while performing, in a great cloud of dust, the evolutions peculiar to cavalry men. Nothing short of being strapped on could, I thought, save them in their inexperience. Nations as well as individuals, are under incalculable obligations to our noblest friend, the horse. He gives to life its spice and its prize, and to some men like Paul Revere, and Phil Sheridan, their earthly immortality. He is the greatest pleasure giver to man. Through even a long period of years, when toil has been heavy, and brain-fag insupportable, he has been allied with me in all the pleasure I have had. We are, and are to be inseparable. Ahead of all my other pastimes, I rank my hours spent with him in God's own great out-of-doors. Daguerreotyped for all time, is the delineation before me still of the morning we crossed the Hoosac mountain, in the Piedmont of America. That day was a high day. We reached the base the preceding evening, in order to facilitate our ascent on the morrow. Soon after the day had really begun, when few, save the dairy keeper, the proverbial early worm and the ever punctual sun have risen, and the forest melody begins, we commence to mount to rugged heights and to obtain from point to point, commanding views of an expansive plain that is rank with fertility. The summits of the distant hills on the remotest rim of the valley, showed "like a Catherine Pear, the side that's next the sun." Oh, blessed, beneficent, idyllic day! O day like Paradise! O

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glorious air and benign mountain! O sunshine warm and sweet! What a place to listen! "And all the air a solemn stillness holds." What a vista as we sit thus between earth and sky. One finds himself in the center of a vast panorama, the circumference of which is at least three hundred miles. The grandeur of the scene silences all comment as we gaze upon it. It is the mountain's beautiful call to read from the book of nature and to commune with her and to receive inspiration. Here would I like to place for the space of at least an hour, a man like Dr. Johnson, who occasionally went into the country, but only to see his friends, never to see the country, who cared for a tree only as firewood or lumber and who thought a man demented who enjoyed living out of town. A part of the way is through delightful woods, vocal with birds, and brilliant with wild flowers, where every breath is charged with aromatic fragrance. At one point, we left the carriage to go to the mountain's brow, and look down upon trains appearing like toys that steam slowly up the valley, and shoot into the tunnel below. Standing above this aperture, which in proportion to the mountain, seemed so small, I could understand the perturbation of the Irishman, who said he could not help thinking what would happen if the train missed the hole. How great the privilege to live for a little while close to Nature's heart, and listen to her gentle teachings of God, as we do when, for the whole day together, we hear the ripple, murmur and babble of running brooks. Not a sound, however, from the

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busy world disturbs the Acadian stillness. Refreshing as perfume-laden breezes from the celestial plains is the entire length of our wooded roadway. The man who can lock up his cares once a year and adopt this plan of vacation draws out one, at least, of the many nails which he has already driven into his coffin during long days of mental and physical over-tasking. He lengthens his lease of life and begins at this point to impart a finer quality to what he does. If a man were ever touched with insomnia and needed to reform his habit, and educate his sleep, how much better than loading his system with opiates and drugs, is that slumber that he gets on an outing like this, when every night he sleeps the sleep of the just-arrived. Such a journey seems to divide one's life in two by the new ideas it suggests and the new interests it awakes. When General Cogswell represented this district in Congress he spent many of his vacations in driving about the country roads of this vicinage. Essex County has as many people in it as the entire state of Vermont, and four times as much wealth. He came to have great familiarity with the life of the people, ability to interpret their need and great popularity. You respect the man for his course. It is instructive to see how people live widely in the whole state, with which for life you have cast in your lot. As you thread her byways, you ponder the simplicity with which some people who dwell in the country manage to exist. It first reveals to us the many unreal

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wants which the city and civilization have created and saddled upon us.

Hurrying to cover when thunder showers were imminent as we were forced five times to do in the first fortnight, only gave to us all pleasurable excitement; and in an absence of five weeks while we were driving around the state of Massachusetts, going by a northerly route, and returning by a southerly course, no moisture ever reached us. The roads as a rule, would fill the fondest dreams of an automobilist. They are hard, smooth and in many places, kept like a lady's parlor. More than once we crossed rivers on ferries. To escape a sudden deluge of rain near the Deerfield River, we drove in upon the covered bridge, and sat there an unconscionable time after the clouds had rolled by, mistaking the noise of the turbulent river on the rocks beneath for rain on the roof. At Williamstown, as a storm was about to burst upon us, we drove by permission, into a barn whose opportune door stood hospitably open. One of us was invited into the farmer's house, and so friendly became the kindred spirits that afterward, while we were driving about this college town in the Switzerland of America, the children from this cottage would watch for us, and bring great handfuls of flowers. The small boy of this sturdy Scotch family saw me Sunday in the Williamstown church, exchanged glances with me, and came to me at the close of the service, and mentioned to me my duty to attend the Sabbath school, commanding a teacher. And speaking of Sundays, let me be swift

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to name our tranquil, joyous, radiant days at Northfield. One gallery of the church is packed with children, who with vigorous, effective leadership, engage in independent and in responsive song. The effect is inspiring. The best thing about the place is its spirit. The drives on different days with different friends are enchanting. Throughout the fresh, clean, handsome town is felt the predominating influence of one great man. At every repast at "The Northfield," conducted by Ambert G. Moody, dyspeptics eat with impunity. Ministers "laugh right out loud." Scholars sleep all night. Men in danger of softening of the brain find their brains growing hard and their hearts soft. Money seems sanctified. A vacation that tends directly to develop the much-neglected power of observation, from an educative point of view, has everything to commend it.

No sooner have you reached Arlington than you begin to pass a line of plainly and fully inscribed slabs indicating where fights occurred and where colonists were shot on the day of the Battle of Concord. Finding it time to water your horse, you look up and from a tablet read this inscription: "At this well, April 19th, 1775, James Hayward of Acton, met a British soldier, who raising his gun, said, 'You're a dead man.' 'And so are you,' replied Hayward. Both fired; the soldier was instantly killed and Hayward mortally wounded." Then comes Lexington with its exquisite little museum. The wonderful variety and suggestiveness of the articles are enough to make a collector go mad with jeal-

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ousy. Then comes Concord, with its Minute-man, graves of British soldiers, "The rude bridge that arched the flood," Old Manse, The Wayside, the homes of the Alcotts, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Emerson. If because of wide journeyings, you are asked to name a typical New England town, your mind will probably revert to Concord. Taken all in all, it is about "the pick of the basket." The Deerfield valley too, has its museum of astonishing, consuming interest, and is everywhere inscribed with the romantic history of strife between the retreating Indians, and the pioneer whites. Its monuments tell of ambuscades and annihilation. And there are Littleton with its Reuben Hoar library, given in recognition of a kindness done the donor's father and Zoar and Mt. Holyoke and Great Barrington, once the home of Bryant and then came the scenes of Beecher's Star-Papers. On the grand state tour from Hartford to Albany, you come upon Stockbridge, which became Spotless Town, originally by the agency of the Laurel Hill Association, the real parent of all village Improvement Societies. Here is a unique mission tower of stone, erected by David Dudley Field, on the spot where the Mission of the Indians stood. Its chimes at sunset are delicious. A roughly hewn monolith, on a cairn, marks the old Indian Burial and Council Ground. Jonathan Edwards with a wife and ten children had a salary here of \$35 a year, but he was to have 100 sleigh loads of wood, of which the Indians were to furnish eighty, and the white settlers twenty. Here

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in a room, six feet by nine, "Edwards on the Will" was written, the greatest production of the American mind.

A Boston atmosphere pervades Stockbridge, while the New York idea prevails at Lenox. It becomes not only a matter of interest, but of continuous amusement to us to find how absolutely powerless people are to give any real help or direction respecting the roads. When you address them a question they will in the kindness of their hearts, strive to render a service whether they really know anything about the matter or not. We found we were more often misled than helped by them. Their unfamiliarity with most of the roads was incredible to me, until I began to apply the tests to my own home locality. I believe it possible for a man and his wife, travelling by carriage, to drive into Salem and in succession inquire of thirty intelligent persons the road to Andover, which is in the same County, and not get information enough to pay them for their trouble. Ipswich is on a thoroughfare in this county and yet there are few people in Salem that could tell wayfarers more than to cross over to Beverly and inquire again. Everybody can tell you what railroad station to go to or where to take the trolley. A pocket edition of a large state map soon becomes one's unfailing and sufficient and almost exclusive reliance. In this carriage drive of more than a month, in which as things were going, gaily with us, we made a long detour from Northfield up into Vermont and New Hampshire. My sym-

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pathetic companion in the matter of this kind of a vacation, resolved to catalogue the names of all the different birds that she was enabled to recognize. To this end "Little brothers of the air," "In Nesting Time" and "Birdways," *Birdcraft* were laid under contribution. Nothing refreshes and rejuvenates the mind like a new interest. It endows the intellect with another sense. Some books have an out-door atmosphere about them. I have been interested to see if I could give the names of all the trees that were about me, when we tied the horse to a sapling, and loafed for awhile in a grove or forest. When the languor that always characterizes the first few days of summer begins to abate, I have found in this form of vacation the best kind of opportunity and the disposition to read a few good books. While a shower is passing over the village, or during some day that has grown warm, by having driven in the freshness of the summer morning, and resuming only in the later afternoon, one can turn to his books, by some stream or among the cathedral pines, or on the veranda of the hotel. The savor of them is like the smell of fruit. There is a hunger of the mind and books have a distinct relish. I can remember my several vacations best in terms of the books that I read. The Medo-Persic Law that determines summer reading is that it shall be interesting. Books that fail to wake the mind do us very little good. Let a man follow his tastes. "In brief, sir, study what you most affect," Harvey's Webster, Palfrey's Life of General Bartlett, Mrs. Custer's

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Tenting on the Plains, The Autocrat and Professor at the Breakfast Table, Anderson's The Country Town, Bailey's The Outlook to Nature, are volumes in which a man can glory as one that findeth great spoil. The reader thus is surprised at his high degree of enjoyment. It is accounted for in the same way that we explain the fact that vacationists always over-estimate the ability of the ministers they hear during summer outings, and wish to call them at once to city pulpits. Our minds are rested, and receptive and imaginative during our long recess. "True Human Life," says Lotze "first begins in the leisure that follows labor." "Where are all the disagreeable people?" said a man when upon his vacation, not knowing that the change was all his own, and sprang from being rested. As we are, we see, we feel. Even the dumb creatures about us must notice the difference. "Wait for the wagon," is the morning song. Making a fresh departure and a new arrival each day contributes to the heart both a morning and an evening cheer and gladness. Our heavy valise we would always send by express to some town ahead of us. Hostelries are excellent after one passes out a few parasangs from Boston, since the Metropolis is expected to do the work of entertaining for its contiguous territory. We are not obliged to lug along the conversation with uninteresting people, as would become a social necessity if we were continuous guests at some resort with summer boarders. While we are every day at the center of the life of each little community, still there

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is a distinct element of rest in a temporary detachment from people. As I sit here I can shut my eyes and this moment see the dooryard and barn where I took care of my own horse, unharnessing, and later hooking him up. And I enjoyed it superlatively. You sometimes hear the expression, "He don't care for me." What a depth of meaning in that expression. It signifies that no affection exists. The implication is that when one cares for another an affection is developed. And there is a fact. If you want to love a horse, you must personally give him some attention. I enjoy going round to the barn to see that the only member of the party that cannot fully speak for himself, is well-fed and has comfortable care. I like the errand. Although others are about the barn, he will neigh at my approach and turn his well-shaped head full of character, with clear intelligent eyes, of the speaking kind, toward me for a caress. Such a warm-blooded, sensitive horse will always exhibit, in ways of his own, the friendly relationship that exists between us.

As a man cares for a lawn, or an estate better, if it is his own, and has more pleasure in it, so a man always enjoys more doing something for a perfect picture of style and quality, with flowing mane and tail, that is a lovable member of his own family, than he does for a sluggish, shuffling hack-horse, deficient in intelligence, spirit and good looks, that has been temporarily hired from a livery. That writer well understood human nature, who said, that

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he never saw a man who had a poor horse or a poor dog. Each man thinks his own is something remarkable, and so will speak up for him and this is at times needed; particularly at the location of summer assemblies. At one such point, I found a vacationist who shared my opinion. As he drove up with a bright span, I saw at a glance that he was holding the reins over more than a thousand dollars. He said, "These places are delightful to visit, but they know nothing about a horse." The idea of the stable-boy or of some undesirable citizen, who was forced to work, if at all, for a boy's wages, seemed to be to stand at the threshold of the barn and to peel off the harness as he ran the horses in and then to treat all the equine guests in a sort of collective way, which saves the boy but does not save the high spirits, the silky hair, the right-up-on-edge condition of the horses. Exactly a year previous, I had visited the capitals and art galleries of Europe, but for rejuvenation and for physical benefit, and enjoyment, I liked this vacation best. I have tried every sort of outing east and west, north and south, here and there, in camp and in beautifully located hotels, but for recreation, change and physical and mental benefit, this crowns all. I will say of it, as David did of Goliath's sword, "There is none like that. Give it me."

X

THE PRINCE OF PREACHERS

In native gracefulness and charm of person, in clear, distinct enunciation, in bold, vehement gesture, in glow and expressiveness of countenance, in melodious and variable intonations of voice, in a most captivating fascination that speedily enchains the listening thousands, in all that constitutes the qualities and manners of a pulpit orator, the world has never seen the superior, nor even the equal, of George Whitefield. Others have approached him in some of his gifts; but in their superlative aggregation, in their brilliant employment, and in unquestionable genius this Apollos of the modern pulpit stands alone. He says that his spirit would make such sallies that he thought it would escape from his body.

Such a spell would he cast over his audience that mechanics shut up their shops and the day-laborers threw down their tools to go to hear him preach, and few were unaffected. The oftener he preached, the keener the edge he seemed to put upon the desire to hear him again. The piercing glance of a singularly brilliant eye, which as he proceeded toward the close seemed to sparkle with celestial fire, contributed in no small measure to the force of his appeals.

“I was enabled to lift up my voice like a trumpet,” he once exclaimed; and Dr. Franklin, who was the most accurate of men, made some exact estimates

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to prove that his clear, full, musical voice could be heard distinctly in the open air by thirty thousand persons. One clear day, while preaching in Philadelphia, he was heard at Gloucester Point, two miles below the city and on the other side of the Delaware. His unrivalled powers found full play in such an arena as that presented at King's Wood, near Bristol, where he was carried out beyond himself as he preached to twenty thousand people standing in such solemn silence as to fill him with profound admiration. He could see the effect of his words by the white gutters made by the tears which trickled down the blackened cheeks of the colliers who came unwashed out of the coal-pits to hear him.

At Cambuslang he preached three times on the very day of his arrival, although he had preached that same morning at Glasgow, and began his third discourse at nine o'clock at night; and the magical eloquence continued until eleven. In his little memorandum-book we find such a record as this: "Yesterday preached three times. This day Jesus hath enabled me to preach seven times." His exertions increased with his success. In the compass of a single week, and that for years, he spoke, in general, forty hours, and often sixty, and that to thousands. At the death of his only child his friends united in the request that he should omit preaching until after the burial; but he preached twice the day after its death and once the day following, and the bell was tolling for the funeral before he left the pulpit. When health was failing him, he placed himself on "short

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allowance," and so preached only once each weekday, and thrice on Sunday. In his public ministry of thirty-four years he preached eighteen thousand sermons, which are more than five hundred each year and ten every week.

By a subtle art of word-painting he would draw such vivid pictures of the things he was handling that he seemed to turn men's ears into eyes, and make them see things as palpably present which he with such vivid picturesqueness described. Thus in New York he adopted a nautical tone; and, when the storm was gathering, the ship dismasted, and the terrible moment had at length come, he exclaimed, "What next?" "Take to the long-boat, sir, the long-boat!" ejaculated some excited mariners who were present. He was very ready at this kind of delineation, which frequently answers the ends of real scenery and keeps the compact thousands in an attitude of eager interest and charmed attention.

Having been in court, and having noted the solemnity produced as the judge put on his condemning-cap to voice a prisoner's doom, the blood from stoutest hearts ran cold soon afterward when, near the close of his discourse, he, after an awe-producing rhetorical pause, which always shows that a speaker is in possession of the situation, solemnly exclaimed: "I am about to put on the condemning-cap. Sinner, I must do it. I must pronounce sentence."

As naturally as Mr. Beecher, in discoursing upon the hidden pound in a napkin, slipped his handker-

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chief apparently unconsciously under the Bible, so Whitefield, in referring to Peter's tears when the cock crew, would have a fold of his gown ready in which to hide his face. Thus to dramatize a scriptural incident would have been offensive, had it not been rendered admirable by inimitable genius.

Lord Chesterfield, himself the British Cicero, distinguished for his brilliant talents and elegant, though somewhat artificial, manners, was listening to the master orator as he compared a benighted sinner to a blind beggar led by a little dog on a dangerous road. The little dog breaks his string and gets away, and his master, with his staff between both hands, gropes along unconscious, to the edge of a cliff. Still feeling his way, standing on the verge of the precipice, his staff slips from his hands, and drops down the descent too deep to send back an echo. Supposing it to be on the ground, the owner stoops down to recover it, stumbles forward, and falls headlong. Instantly Lord Chesterfield, who had been watching with breathless alarm the blind man's movements, having lost all self-possession, unconsciously sprang from his seat to save the catastrophe, exclaiming: "Good _____! He's gone."

As though it were no difficult matter to catch the sound of the Saviour praying, he would exclaim, "Hark! hark! do you not hear him?" Once his interrogatory seemed so individual that a negro present answered audibly, "Yes, sir."

Talents so extraordinary met inevitably with universal response, often in money for his orphan

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house at Savannah, as when a single collection was found to consist of but little short of ten thousand pieces of copper. After the contribution had been made, the crowd gathered around his carriage, throwing their mites into the windows.

Nor were they disappointed in the high character of the work done by the great master of pulpit oratory. His exquisite imagination could gild human speech with its last touch of beauty, as when after witnessing at the execution of a criminal that at the terrible moment all present, as if moved by one impulse, turned their heads aside and wept, he finally said: "How different was it when the Saviour of mankind was extended on the cross! Not one of all who witnessed his agonies turned his head aside. Yes, my friends, there was one—that glorious luminary (pointing to the sun) veiled his brightness, and travelled on his course in tenfold night."

But our first lesson derived from his surpassing eloquence and unparalleled success inheres in the fact that he trusted not to his native gifts, but increased their power by the most assiduous cultivation. His matchless elocution was not only an endowment, but an acquirement. If he preached a sermon twenty times, he went on to the last improving his method of delivering it, both as to tone and action. Garrick and Foote declare that he never reached the highest perfection till the fortieth repetition. If he had given his sermons from a written copy, a later delivery would have been much like the first, his invention meanwhile sleeping. As he went on to improve his

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discourses, those parts were omitted which had been felt to come feebly from the tongue and fall heavily upon the ear.

But it is affirmed that the salient points of his oratory were not prepared passages, but were bursts of passion, like jets from a geyser when the spring is in full play. "I would give one hundred guineas if I could say, 'Oh!' as Mr. Whitefield does," said Garrick, who went on to express his belief that that flute-like voice, which came to be in itself pure music, could raise tears by his simple intonation on the word "Mesopotamia." An American clergyman related to him an affecting occurrence, but did it with the ordinary brevity and feeling of common conversation. Afterwards he heard Mr. Whitefield preach and tell this same story with such nature, pathos, and power that the clergyman found himself weeping like a child.

Of all our faculties, that of speech is the least cultivated, and is yet most susceptible of improvement, and pays best for the pains bestowed upon it. Some of our foremost colleges are making a lamentable error in proceeding upon the theory that, if a man's thinking is good, his expression can take care of itself. After one has a thought, he has yet to consider what form will best give it currency. Bullion is not as attractive as coin.

"There is a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart,
'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred;
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-stirring pause,

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The eyes' sweet expression that melts while it awes,
The lips' soft persuasion, its musical tone,—
O, such were the charms of that eloquent one.”

The world loves the orator. Honor is always paid to him who can speak well. Yet a noble negligence seemed to run through Whitefield's style. The ornate, florid strain he could not use. His diction is simple and conversational, not fitted for books, and hence best fitted for speech. English composition for speaking to hearers and English composition for private reading are almost like two different languages; and as one of the finest adepts has shown, sermons which “preach” well “read” badly. The great pulpit orator of the world used idiomatic speech with charming simplicity, point, and colloquial directness. And thus are we enabled to note as our second lesson the difference between literature of poetry and oratory. Genuine oratory is too earnest to admit of much ornament. Dr. Franklin has justly observed that it would have been fortunate for Whitefield's reputation if he had left no written works. His talents then would have been estimated by the effect which they are known to have produced. His writings afford merely the measure of his knowledge and of his intellect, but not of his genius as an orator.

Poets, historians, orators, statesmen, ministers,—of whom one hundred have been present at one service,—actors, distinguished men in science and literature, even the kings and princes of the earth, Lord Dartmouth, Bolingbroke, Hume, Chesterfield, and

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Franklin, no mean judges of eloquence, the most delicate and best qualified critics of the day, and the very men from sceptical temperament who would be least likely to be deceived, attested his oratory to be of the truest and noblest kind; and yet we are most careful to notice, thirdly, that his ministry was aimed at the masses. The great preachers to the queen have first gained the approval of the common people. The rank and file know a good thing as well as those of the so-called higher classes, and are usually first to find it.

The career of Whitefield sets out, fourthly, and with a vivid illustration, a sentiment which one of our most influential college presidents gave as his parting word to his graduates,—“Not only let your light shine in the world, but burn to the socket.” Our Saviour implies that a burning is more than a shining light. Like the sun, the world’s greatest Christian orator went down with undiminished force, as majestically as he rose. He has crossed the ocean thirteen times. Having taken cold in Portsmouth, where he addressed an entranced auditory with such clearness, pathos, and contagious emotion as to please and surprise the surrounding thousands,—as his whole soul seemed incandescent with a divine fire, they gazed, they listened, they stood in rapt and motionless attention,—he set out on horseback Saturday, September 29, 1770, the day before he died, to fulfill an engagement to preach at Newburyport on Sunday.

On his way, unfortunately, he was eagerly im-

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portuned to preach at Exeter. The thinness of his visage, the pallor of his countenance, the evident struggling of the heavenly spark in a decayed body for utterance, were all deeply interesting. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was dying. His appearance alone was a powerful sermon. He arose from his seat, and stood erect. For several minutes he was unable to proceed. He then said, "I will wait for the gracious assistance of God; for he will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in his name."

His address continued for two hours. It was an effort of stupendous eloquence, his final field-triumph; and so bewitching were his tones, so surpassingly brilliant was his imagination, and so deep and irresistible his pathos that he was enabled to sway the passions of men as with a magic hand, and wave after wave of sympathetic feeling rolled through the mighty host as he said, for example, near the close of his brilliant discourse: "I go, I go to a rest prepared. My sun has given light to many; but now it is about to set — no, to rise to the zenith of immortal glory. I have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven. My body fails, but my spirit expands."

He then dined with a friend, and, though greatly fatigued, rode fifteen miles to Newburyport, where he supped with Rev. Jonathan Parsons, pastor of the Old South Church, in a house which is still standing in excellent form. He purposed to retire early, and, taking his candle in his hand, he paused at the stairs near the front door to address the anxious crowd who

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filled the street and hailed him as a messenger of God. Thus, lingering on the way to his room, while the throng gazed up at him with tearful eyes like Elisha at the ascending prophet, that voice, never surpassed in its music and touch upon the deepest chords in human hearts, flowed on in affectionate exhortation until the candle which he held in his hand burned out in its socket.

That candle thus held evidently forth and consumed is a symbol etched upon the memory of mankind, and will remain till the last syllable of recorded time. The orator, like the candle, burned to the socket. In the morning he was not, for God had taken him. In a severe attack of asthma, to which he had long been subject, he rose gasping for breath, and rushed to the window in a little room over the front door, to strive to regain his breath; and there from a high-backed chair, just as the sun was rising from the adjacent sea, he who was familiarly styled "the seraphic," under convoy of angels, took his flight to the world of spirits.

XI

THE GREAT AWAKENING

The sermon at Enfield was in progress. Not only was the most celebrated theologian America ever produced subjected to an audible interruption, but a fellow clergyman who sat in the pulpit with him reached out his hand and took hold of the skirts of the preacher's coat to enforce attention to a question.

"Mr. Edwards! Mr. Edwards! Is not God a God of mercy?"

The train of circumstances leading up to this climacteric event was this: The greatest revival that the world had then known had earlier made its beginning at Northampton under the ministry of Jonathan Edwards, whom Robert Hall ranks as the greatest of the sons of men. Scarcely an individual, either old or young, had been left unconcerned in the community. Conversions averaged thirty a week. Souls came as it were by flocks into the fold. The appearance of one hundred together at a single sacramental season to make an open explicit confession of Christ was very affecting.

The converts ranged from the child of four years to the man of seventy, and the church came to include almost the entire adult population of the place. The sanctuary was commonly crowded with an affected auditory, and at times the whole assem-

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blage was dissolved in tears. Every one appeared to be pressing into the kingdom of heaven, and, while the people did not exactly neglect their worldly business, yet they presented a unique spectacle as they made Mammon's shrine second to that of Him who rideth upon the heavens, whose name is Jah. It was the most remarkable event of the kind that had occurred since the canon of the New Testament was finished. It seemed as if the millennium were coming down the street.

A biography of Edwards should contain almost a complete account of the great revival, and his influence would be easily discernible on every leading mind. Nobody ever spoke disparagingly of Jonathan Edwards who had read him. As he preached in his own church, the whole room was at times full of nothing but outcries. At the conclusion of one of his public exercises on the Sabbath, Mr. Edwards appointed the children that were under sixteen years of age to go from the church to a neighboring house, that he might further enforce what they had heard in public, and we learn that they were greatly affected by the warnings and the counsels that were given them, so that when dismissed they almost all of them went home crying aloud through the streets to all parts of the town.

Now it was out of this highly charged atmosphere that Mr. Edwards went to preach at Enfield. In other communities awaking from their heavy slumbers there had been a good response to the re-animated efforts of ministers, but Enfield was

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incorrigible. Its inhabitants were unimpressible, cold and numb. So solicitous for them in their indifference had some of the Christians of the vicinage become, a proof of the prayerful interest felt on behalf of the town, that they spent the whole of the preceding night in importunate prayer. The appearance of the assembly after it had come together was listless, case-hardened, and vegetative.

Mr. Edwards knew of a doctrine exactly suited to their situation. He chose for his text, "Their feet shall slide in due time," and proceeded to show them in an alarming manner the slippery places on which they stood. Their consciences, aroused, attested the fact; the impression of eternal things was awful and overwhelming. Some of the audience, rising in their places, seized fast hold upon the pillars and braces of the meetinghouse and sides of the pews, as if that very moment they felt their sliding feet were precipitating them into a bottomless pit. Great waves of emotion passed tumultuously back and forth over the congregation, so that, the sermon being in progress, the people gave vent to their pent-up feelings by such sobbing, moaning, such breathing of distress and outcries, throughout the whole house, that the preacher was obliged to make a long pause, and to speak to the people and desire them to be silent in order that he might be heard.

It will be remembered that Mr. Edwards sometimes dealt with topics, which, if believed, cannot fail to have a deep influence upon the conduct of

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otherwise obdurate men. When remonstrated with for employing a text as at Enfield that implies that a wicked man "is liable to fall of himself without being thrown by the hand of another, as he that stands or walks on slippery declining ground needs nothing but his own weight to throw him down," he replied that the doctrine was either true or not true; and, if it was true, it was no kindness to obscure the fact or to deliver it without warmth. Without lifting the voice to any high dramatic intonation, the message, so devoid of sensationalism as to be lacking in gesture, was simply delivered with the calm assurance of unconquerable conviction. There was an unction, a quiet intensity, a savor of God, about the man that constituted power, and caused the congregation to weep aloud. His hearers felt him.

The source of his unequalled intellectual strength was his mother, whose philosophy broke out amid kitchen and parish duties. She was a meta-physician without knowing it. She possessed a more stern and powerful intellect than her husband, was fond of reasoning and of pondering the deepest problems of theology, and, had St. Paul's prohibition been out of the way, she might have eclipsed her husband in the pulpit and anticipated the fame of her immortal son. "His name," Dr. Chalmers says, "is far the highest of which the New World can boast."

It was remarkable that God at this time so quickly set up his kingdom even among the remote Indians under David Brainerd. It was accomplished

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within a year, so sudden was the transition from idolatrous feasts and sacrifices to the Lord's table. But what swept this young and ardent apostle and his copper-colored disciples up into such prominence in the early religious history of New England lies in the significance of the fact that their reformation, sobriety, and compliance with the rules and duties of Christianity were so general and thorough, and yet sprang from the internal power and influence of the doctrines of grace and the action of divine truth upon the heart, and not from any exterior effort to lop off their vices.

Typical of the great awakening among all the churches we find in Middleboro, Mass., as Rev. Peter Thatcher was delivering an exhortation, a melting, hallowing influence fell upon the assembly. The stoutest hearts seemed to dissolve like wax before an increasing fire. Some cried out with terror, and every heart, without even an exception, seemed penetrated with an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. As a result of this one sermon the pastor had seventy-six written accounts of individuals whose minds were anxious and laboring. Some professors of religion found that, lacking the oil of grace, their lamps had gone out. Four persons detained from worship, being left alone in their several dwellings, were awakened that same day by thinking of their solitariness. The prison-doors were opened and their captive souls set free. The Lord led them forth, and spake comfortably to them, saying, "Live."

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Scores of people told the minister that day of their hatred of him above any other person living. He had himself lamented his own unfruitfulness and the indifference of his parishioners. As only one individual had offered to unite with the church for nearly two years, he proposed to resign, but could find no suitable text for a farewell sermon. The panacea needed for a discouraged pastor and disaffected church is simply a revival.

In his own spirit the flame of holier fire caught from the inner sanctuary never suffered any abatement, but rather grew brighter and brighter, until its light was lost in the glories of the heavenly world. In the thick of prodigious evangelistic work, having come to his death, there was such an extraordinary confluence of people from the neighboring towns as was never seen before, to attend the funeral. When the coffin was carried out, there was great weeping, and when set on the edge of the grave it lay there for some time, and they seemed to be loath to let him down, "nor did I ever see so many weepers before."

For the first time in Christian history churches came to be schooled in revivals. They learned then, as a new lesson, that people advance more at such seasons in their practical acquaintance with the Scriptures and in a true doctrinal understanding of the methods of grace than in a whole ministry besides, though it cover many years. They ate with the Bible in their hands, and slept with it in their bosoms. It taught churches that are "contentedly

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unsuccessful" that extra efforts and extra measures in some form are indispensable to the adequate prosecution of a revival.

The "Great Awakening" turned upon the question of the employment of an unconverted ministry. Incredible as it seems, Whitefield could give it as his opinion that many, perhaps most, that preached were unconverted men. And Edwards was the first to vindicate effectually the principle of "the church for Christians," which gave to it at once a vigorous and independent life of its own. Thousands of churches are today walking in their purity and strength, enjoying peace and separate from the world, without ever knowing at what a price their liberty was obtained.

Determined to stand or fall by his principles, new even to himself, by an almost unanimous vote of the church he was dethroned, but his fall became his mightiest victory. He was the loser and yet the winner. Having become so well known and his church so distinguished by his labors during the great revival, the eyes not only of this country, but even of Scotland, were drawn toward his position, which his mighty pen had established to remain as long as the sun and the moon endureth.

Relegated to obscurity, and becoming a missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, in a room six feet by nine, having a wife and ten children, of whom but one was provided for by marriage, to support upon a salary of about thirty-five dollars a year (let us be thankful that he was assured in the contract that

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it was to be “lawful money”), and one hundred sleigh-loads of fire-wood, of which the Indians were to furnish eighty and the white settlers twenty, he composed the highest production of the American mind, which ranks him “with the brightest luminaries,” as Robert Hall says, “of the church, not excluding any country or any age since the apostolic,” and which it is interesting to note as to its main purport no writer has had the hardihood to attack, which is today unanswered, and which will probably remain unanswerable to all generations. The English reviewer who said that Edwards on “the Will” was based on a mistake, but that he was unable to point it out, reminds one of the reiterated claim of the French that Wellington was really defeated at Waterloo, only he could not be made to see it.

Too poor to buy clean paper, thirty-five hundred dollars in debt, he wrote his unperishable thoughts on the margins of newspapers and upon the backs of church notices and requests for prayers sent up to his pulpit; for example, in behalf of a husband on the death of his wife, and upon the paper patterns which his wife and daughters had used for making fans and collars, which they sold through Mr. Bromfield in Boston to help pay the family expenses.

The conspicuousness of Edwards will now at length be perhaps more adequately seen if we gain a clear conception of the striking fact that, as we now understand and use the word “revivals,” which are made manifest by a certain social sympathy, and

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result in multitudinous conversions, their initiation was at the hands of our own early New England ministry. The genesis of revivals is American. From here they were carried into Scotland, England, and with uncommon power during the year of grace into Ireland.

Methodism is indebted to Puritanism, as Professor Allen in his able contribution to the series of "American Religious Leaders" so significantly shows, for its well known feature of revivals. And the same dispassionate writer is authority for the judgment, in which every student of the subject must concur, that the "Great Awakening" beginning at Northampton was a theological conviction, which first took shape in Edwards' mind, a belief in the immediate action of the divine Spirit upon the human soul.

Should a star of the first magnitude be blotted out of our sky, its beams, year after year, would descend upon us. So falls the influence still of President Edwards upon all those evangelical churches that today are allied in Christian work. There is not one of them, but is different from what it would have been except for him. The amplitude of the "Great Awakening" can undoubtedly best be seen in its true proportions by the amazing fact that a revival now of equal fruitfulness relative to our present population in the United States would result in the conversion of twelve million souls.

XII

THE GREATEST REVIVAL

When the Saviour shall call together his chosen, in the judgment of the great day, and the throngs shall come up before him clothed with white robes, having palms in their hands, who were gathered into the everlasting kingdom by the revival of 1857, their numbers will undoubtedly exceed those converted in any other equal period in all the earlier history of the work of the Spirit.

Said St. John, as he touched the imagination of believers, "And I heard the number of them which were sealed, a hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel!" But who are these that fly as a cloud and as the doves to their windows? They are the four hundred thousand souls that in America alone, during a single winter, found refuge in Christ. If the joy of the angels sometimes heightens, and if they rejoice over a sinner that repenteth, the happiest year in heaven is probably marked 1858.

It was called familiarly "The Great Revival." No man living or dead had ever seen anything like it, reaching so many people scattered over such a length and breadth of territory, appearing in so many denominations of Christians, leavening so many colleges, and influencing and penetrating so

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many hearts. The whole land received the spiritual rain.

Not less than one hundred and fifty meetings for prayer were held daily in New York and Brooklyn, while in two hundred towns in New York State alone the Spirit seemed like a gentle wind to fill almost imperceptibly every part of the community at the same time. In over two thousand cities and villages, by actual count, in the United States, the flood of feeling which was gathering with the force of a mighty torrent seemed to swell.

In some localities in the Middle and Eastern States the people seemed to rise by cities and communities to seek the Lord. In Philadelphia, where the meetings were solemn beyond description, there was one of those general uprisings of the human soul to the consciousness of religious want, and ten thousand converts, a myriad, pressed into the Kingdom, three thousand of them belonging to one denomination. It was in this city that those memorable sermons were preached by Dudley A. Tyng in Jaynes Hall, before audiences of over five thousand persons, that resulted in more conversions than in any other instance in all our Christian annals, except one. Here, too, were the largest meetings that at that time had ever been assembled for the simple purpose of prayer. Five thousand persons meeting daily, making the place a Bochim, afforded a scene literally unprecedented and unparalleled in the history of any age in any city.

In Providence such a time of religious interest

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had never before been known. More persons of both sexes were engaged in religious inquiry than at any former period in the history of the State. The number of requests for prayer, on the table, was so great that the leader only looked at them with wonder, and did not attempt to read them.

Never in the history of Lowell had the waters of life flowed so freely. At Manchester the silent, mysterious influence seemed to come almost visibly down upon the hearts of men, like the overshadowing of a cloud. In New Bedford, a city of twenty-four thousand people, twelve daily prayer meetings were sustained, with unabated interest, for three months. Christianity seemed to reach its true summit level in one hundred and forty-seven towns in Massachusetts, where simultaneous revivals, the greatest in their respective histories, were in progress.

Yale, like most of the other colleges, was blessed in a manner never before known, and the work in Phillips Academy was altogether unexampled. Some of our educational centres were so stirred that very few students were left who had not turned toward the gate at the head of the way. At Canandaigua two hundred and forty academy students united with the churches of the town.

Waiters in hotels held prayer meetings at ten o'clock at night among the tables that they had served, being forbidden by their calling to meet earlier thus together. The work among firemen in different cities became somewhat a distinctive fea-

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ture among the operations of the divine Spirit. On the doors of stores and of the largest commercial houses in Newark would be found a placard, "Will open at the close of the prayer meeting."

If the revival was more marked in some parts of the country than in others, it cannot be said of any large portion of the land that it was exempt. The fervor of awakened religious interest became intense, and spread everywhere, penetrating every nook and corner of the great republic. It pleased Him who must needs go through Samaria, to pass through our land, visiting Dubuque, where the numbers converted were beyond all precedent and Virginia, where in a circuit of several counties only one church existed that did not ask and receive an outpouring of the Spirit upon the dry fleece.

The extent and pervasiveness of this unusual work, which seemed, like a mighty tide, insensibly but powerfully to keep rising higher and higher, reaching all classes of persons, is still further demonstrable. The members of the legislature of the State of New York commenced meeting for prayer at half-past eight o'clock in the morning at the rooms of the Court of Appeals, which stood opposite the Senate chamber. When in the fifth daily meeting the voice of supplication and praise was heard at the Capitol in Albany, the number present filled two rooms. At Washington, where five daily prayer meetings were held, Senators and Representatives met to arrange for the formation of a Congressional union prayer meeting.

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Little did that solitary man, Jeremiah Calvin Lanphier know,—with whom we have been in pleasant correspondence, and whom, we have visited, kneeling alone on the floor of a room where he himself had been moved to appoint a meeting for prayer,—that the day was breaking that should be gilded by the rays of a brighter sun than had ever shone on the moral and religious world before. It was in the upper room at the corner of Fulton and Ann Streets in New York City, now hallowed and renowned as the birthplace of the Fulton Street prayer meeting.

Mr. Lanphier, a layman, had been employed by the North Dutch Church, which had been kept mysteriously free from the controversies of the day, to act as its visiting missionary, and entered upon his duties July 1, 1857. "Going my rounds in the performance of my duty," he writes, "one day as I was walking along the streets the idea was suggested to my mind that an hour of prayer, from twelve to one o'clock, would be beneficial to business men."

Arrangements were accordingly made, and at twelve o'clock, noon, on the twenty-third day of September, 1857, the door of the third-story lecture-room was thrown open. At half-past twelve the step of a solitary individual was heard upon the stairs, thus indicating that Mr. Lanphier passed the first half of the first prayer-meeting hour alone in a place now more honored than the palace of any earthly monarch. To the first meeting three persons at length came; the next week, six; the next, twenty;

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the next meeting was held in the middle lecture-room on the second floor; and soon all three rooms, one above another, were filled. The meetings were then held daily instead of weekly. Presently the very passage-way became choked with men seeking entrance, and the initial public demonstration of the great national awakening that was to follow thus projected its tidal or tenth wave upon these shores, which was to roll its mighty surge onward until the sweep of an overwhelming flood should bear away with resistless energy every obstacle that opposed its progress.

Here began a movement which, far more than the opening of China or the reconquest of India, or the laying of the Atlantic telegraphic cable, has rendered its epoch memorable, which without exaggeration may be emphatically styled, in the religious world, the chief event of the century, and in which occurred the nearest reproduction of the scenes of Pentecost that has been witnessed since the cloven tongues, like as of fire, sat upon the heads of the apostles. Starting in that upper room where a single believer exercised a faith which is unsurpassed in all our annals, there sprang up a line of prayer meetings which are the wonder of our history. During the latter part of that winter rarely could a traveller pass the lecture-room of any evangelical church in the evening and not find it lighted up for prayer or preaching service. At the time of meeting the church-bells, summoning their willing worshippers, would answer each other's echo across the land.

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From the Atlantic seaboard there was such a line of prayer meetings, stretching even beyond the two great rivers, that wherever a Christian in going westward might break his journey, he could find, on any evening of the week, a crowded prayer meeting and the mind of the whole community filled with deep religious solemnity.

While this article was preparing, thinking there was no other way we could honor ourselves so much, Mrs. Hill and I visited New York, and, at No. 130 E. Sixteenth Street, called upon the gentle, venerable saint whose spirit the Lord stirred up, making him a chosen vessel to bear the name of Jesus to myriads. We were deeply affected and profoundly and memorably impressed. We found this man of boundless soul in apartments which by reason of long familiarity he could still freely use, notwithstanding the fact that by extreme age his sight is nearly eclipsed. Here is a man whom God touched. He shall shine as the stars. He prayed, and the spices of God's garden flowed out. With feelings of awe and with full hearts, at his suggestion, we three joined hands and sang together a hymn in which he led. Standing thus, we repeated the Lord's Prayer. It seemed holy ground. This good-bye was like the benediction that follows after prayer.

XIII

WHAT MADE THE GREATEST REVIVAL IN HUMAN HISTORY

On the fourteenth day of October, 1857, the commercial distress which had been gathering for some time in this country reached its crisis, and the very foundations of the whole financial world were felt to be moving. It was the most convulsing temporal calamity which this land of ours has ever known. Business houses were everywhere toppling to the fall, and the very earth beneath the feet of business men was palpably in libration.

As in a time of earthquake, or wreck at sea, men's hearts were failing them for fear, it was an evil day in which fortunes, great and small, which had been building during years of prosperity and quiet, were prostrated in an hour.

Riches took to themselves wings. The wheels of industry stood still, and a pall of general gloom settled as with raven wing upon the spheres both of manufacture and of trade.

The unemployed masses tramped the streets with banners demanding bread. All the sources of gain were dried up. Want pressed heavily, and nothing compares with hunger for bowing the spirit of haughty man.

The winter was coming on. Pecuniary apprehen-

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sion was universal. It was the sorest trial to which heads of families had ever been subjected. The whole nation felt helpless before God.

And in the day of adversity, men consider. Churches that had been characterized by coldness and conformity to the world, and men running headlong in the reckless race for riches, whose greed of gain amounted almost to a mania, were forced into an acknowledgment of abject dependence upon a Divine Being. It was the last watch of the night, a season of unparalleled darkness.

But the Sun of righteousness was about to rise. The time, the set time to favor Zion, had come. Men were so shaken in their positions that their religious sensibility awaked, the faith-faculty was stimulated and enlightened, and they at once became singularly susceptible to spiritual influences and to the impressions of religious truth.

It must be admitted, however, that the general interruption of business was a condition rather than a cause of this glorious work of grace. It is a mistake to conclude that some visible means immediately preceding a revival or contemporaneous with it is effectual in producing it. The Lord seemed determined that he would be inquired of by the house of Israel, and when they called, the Lord answered and heard.

We note incidentally as one of the curiosities of history that the instrumentality employed in this day of God's power was radically unlike that ever employed before in the entire history of the Christian

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church. On the day of Pentecost Peter preached. In the rise of the Reformation Luther preached in words that shook the world. John Knox preached. The Great Awakening was produced by preaching, and its extent was limited strictly to those who could hear the joyful sound. George Whitefield blazed upon the New World like a meteor, and drew the world after him, and made a deep impression; but the moment he was gone the religious atmosphere went with him. It was only in the communities where Edwards preached as at Northampton and Enfield, that the people cried out in their distress of mind, and inquired of him while he was still speaking, taking hold of his apparel, "Are there few that be saved?" Samuel Davies, the Tennents, and John Wesley, preached. President Finney, our American Boanerges, whose labor during forty years among the churches was instrumental in more conversions than the ministrations of any man since Whitefield, preached.

But in this revival, which stands without a parallel in the items of both extent and power, the instrumentalities employed were chiefly laic. No professional evangelist engaged in it. Indeed, many believed at the time that the day of great preachers' revivals had passed away with that of the mastery of single minds in general. The people became the preacher; and the very singularity of the new arrangement seemed to arrest attention, and by its freshness and originality to powerfully affect the mind. Here is a particular in which, as well as in

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doctrine, the great revival of 1857 was an exact reaction from all earlier awakenings, which were those of eminent preachers.

The protracted religious solemnities, now under review, did not seem man-made, but beautifully spontaneous. They had their rise in the heart of the church. Hitherto spiritual forces had engaged in Homeric warfare where the chieftains do the fighting; but now, as in the terms of Stonewall Jackson's dying order, the infantry was advanced to the front rapidly.

This revealed a power absolutely unknown to the churches. In the Edwardean revival, which was throughout a matter of ministers, it was a cause of complaint that the unordained believer would sometimes testify. No conference-rooms were provided in the churches. A few did the work and felt all the responsibility, and have in history all the honor.

But in this new day of God's power, no eloquent orator, no noted evangelist, no display of intellectual abilities, native or acquired, nothing to gratify a curious taste, stimulate a jaded imagination, or pander to itching ears, anywhere appeared. It seemed as though an agent, unseen by the natural eye, was operating upon the popular mind.

The greatest revival in human history was produced by this prevalence of the Spirit. In neighborhoods entirely disconnected, an extraordinary sensation was occasioned by the feeling that God had appeared among them. The wind that bloweth where it listeth came, and the people breathed a new

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inspiration. The Spirit of God seemed to bring over the public mind a peculiar atmosphere, which charged the whole region with a supernal and invisible aroma.

Let me appeal to my reader: Didst thou ever experience or witness one of these times of refreshing when the gloom of unbelief fled away like the shadows of night before the rising sun? When the hearts of the most obdurate melted like wax before the fire? When it seemed only necessary to open the doors and windows of the church to let the general warmth come in, and to feel a little of the "spring"? When the kingdom of God was like an energetic and diffusive leaven, when a contagion of real earnestness was in the very air, and the crowded Christian meeting, with its pressure of speech and prayer, had a tenderness, solemnity, and obvious results which witnessed mightily to the invincible power of all-conquering grace?

It is an incalculable privation to any Christian, particularly to a minister or Christian worker, never to have seen one of these harvest-times of souls, when there is a hearing ear, when the weight of eternal verities is felt, and the public collective testimony of believers has a savor which no human art or eloquence can impart to words.

A revival is thus, to one who has viewed it sympathetically, a different thing from a multiplication of insulated conversions. It is a solid spiritual entity. It is visible, ponderable, and effective.

The chief factor in this revival was the spirit of prayer. God laid upon souls burdens. This is a

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different thing from the forms of petition. This distinction every hearer has observed, either in his experience or in the community. The spirit of supplication is not self-moved. It is given like the Holy Ghost. It is the spirit within us crying, "Abba, Father." Such prayer is always answered, for God is one, and by his outward providence co-operates with his Spirit within.

The revival of 1857, furthermore, was the inevitable result of interdenominational union, and in its time did more to promote religious fellowship than any influence that had then been felt since the voice of Jesus was heard praying that his disciples might be one, so that the world would believe in his Messiahship.

The world has never yet discovered a surer sign of the grace of God than the manifest love that Christians have for other Christians, simply because they are Christians. In this first successful attempt at Christian union, in all the annals of mankind, no controversial points were discussed. Persons who participated in the great prayer meetings were requested not to refer even to the denominations to which they belonged. The banner over them was love. Contentions threatening the most disastrous consequences were quietly submerged in the great concerns of the soul and eternity. The joint power of the churches received a providential development and direction which was of incalculable importance to the welfare of the country, in its imminent trial in the Civil War.

Besides its unprecedented fruitage, the revival of 1857 leaves this sentiment inscribed upon our sky:

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Besides the potency which each and all the denominations have in their separate action, there is a special force in their unity and in the outward expression of that unity in some strong evangelistic labors for the salvation of those not already reached by the established means of grace. If the sheep are only inclosed in the fold of the Good Shepherd, it is of little importance whether they have been led through this gate or that door, or by the hand of bishop, presbyter, parent, fellow disciple, or Sundayschool teacher.

XIV

SOME ELEMENTS OF MR. MOODY'S POWER

The strongest of men was once addressed with the inquiry. "Tell me I pray thee wherein thy great strength lieth." In analyzing the power of the greatest of modern Evangelists I find it first in his dramatization of Scripture. Some persons present never witnessed a stronger piece of word-painting than that in which the energetic mind of the Evangelist depicted the effort of the widow who had the cruse of oil to borrow vessels "not a few." Again we are made to sit in our places and see Peter and Paul as they go on their several evening walks together, out from Jerusalem, to review the garden scene at Gethsemane, the place for Crucifixion at Calvary, and the spot whence occurred the ascension at Bethany. Meanwhile, we hear Peter with a pathetic voice narrate to Paul just how those sacred events transpired. The room grows still as if it were unoccupied. Mr. Moody is an artist. In speaking English it is a great thing to have "the unerring first touch." He makes sure his imagination is sanctified and then turns it loose. His genius beautifies the things that are near at hand. He sees pictures where others say there is nothing. Others have the same chance, but not the same ability. The word-picture, never-to-be-forgotten, which he incidentally made of himself at thirteen, sorrowful with

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his first homesickness, was done with so few strokes that they could be counted. Others have been just as homesick, but are not such strong and rapid artists. They deal in heavy narration ; he in description. He has a preaching nature. He first interests his audience. He does not give an argument and then give an illustration, as most preachers do, thus going over the ground twice. The illustration is the argument. It is a difficult doctrine stated concretely.

II. Mr. Moody has great reserve power. He can of a sudden call up unexpected strength. When I was a pastor in Lynn he had a meeting only for women. At the crisis, as he was passing Calvary-point, near the close of his sermon, when an expression is to be taken on which all our prayers are hanging, an unfortunate and unforeseen episode intervenes. It occurs in a conspicuous place in the audience, and under peculiarly trying circumstances. Glances of regret are exchanged upon the platform. A neighboring minister whispered "Defeated." But Mr. Moody has many resources. Some other truth must suddenly be made instrumental. For ordinary persons the episode would be one to be talked over at home and deplored. Useless as it now is, he finishes the paragraph, merely to show that he keeps his place, and then starts right out on a new line, dissociated with the past, but fraught with a new determination. He falls back on God, and comes up re-enforced. In the privacy of the hotel he remarked that his exhaustion was as great as after four or five ordinary services.

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He had his reward. Sixty-eight persons arose to pronounce themselves for Christ.

III. Mr. Moody is manifestly a manly man. We want to know something about the individual who is preaching to us. As if to furnish this material, unconsciously he has allowed just the right revelation to be made of himself at Northfield. While he is reviewing his school we are reviewing him. He has, doubtless, possessed the same inherent manliness all along, but it is better known now, and he gets strength by it. His treatment of his mother, his delightful family life, his unselfish work for boys, his living in the sight of all the people, accentuate what he says. If a man can thus live as Mr. Moody does, and as President Garfield did, it does augment him with the people. Furthermore, by much travel, his provincialisms are gone. He is a broad man. He is familiar with the whole religious life of Christendom. He has capacity. Now, grace means a gift. It must be received. Thinking of the grace of God and then of some who would be recipients, one is led to exclaim, "There shall not be room enough to receive it."

IV. Mr. Moody's strength came upon him with his consecration. He was born in Northfield, February 5, 1837. As a boy among boys he was always at the head, leading them with unequalled zest in all their sports. He was admitted to the Mt. Vernon Church, Boston, May 4, 1856. He soon became very prominent in Christian work and his whole soul seemed to glow with the evangelistic spirit. He was not content with ordinary agencies but essayed new

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and untried methods to extend the Redeemer's kingdom. In August, 1862, he was married to Miss Emma C. Revell, whose brother has become the famous publisher. But pre-eminent power seemed to attend him from the moment that he stepped boldly out with unhesitating and unreserved consecration and vowed that he would "give God all his time." People of all ranks on both sides the sea have studied him to find the hiding of his power. Samson did all his prodigies with the increment of strength that came on him by gift of the Spirit. As a Nazarite, however, he had never injured the fineness of his muscular power by wine or strong drink. At the start he was a strong man, as men average, and so were John the Baptist and St. Paul and Luther and Moody. The Spirit of God likes to co-operate with an efficient leader. This was felt by the hosts of Israel when they cried, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

XV

MEMORY COMFORTING SORROW

In choosing for himself the hour to give the sign to parting friends, James Montgomery tells us that "night is the time for death." Early Sunday morning, December 28th, the chimes of Harvard Church, Brookline, broke out upon the air with the notes, "When He cometh, when He cometh to make up His jewels." "He has come, He has come," was remarked with intensest feeling by one to another at the Hotel Coolidge, across the street from the church, the family's winter home, where Helen Grinnell Mears had just died. The requiem appeared personal from the fact that when she, at nine years of age, united with her father's church this text was named upon her, "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." She looked so wholesome and seemed so to radiate health and happiness that the most of her friends had no knowledge of the fact that her translation was imminent.

"But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the Eastern skies,
She passed thro' glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise."

She had in her ancestry four Mayflower Pilgrims, five Colonial Governors, and seven Revolutionary Patriots; she was a direct descendant of

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John Eliot, who with "much sweet affection preached Jesus Christ to the Indians as their only Saviour;" of Deacon Samuel Chapin, who laid the beginnings of Springfield, Mass., and of Hon. J. B. Grinnell, who founded the clean, beautiful model college city named after him where, upon the campus, stands today, beyond the great river, the Mary Grinnell Mears cottage for young women, named in honor of his daughter, the mother of "Our Helen," who had the qualities that go with the blood. She was obviously well born. She stood in a very remarkable line. Heredity and early association did much for her. James Russell Lowell speaks of the impression made upon him by meeting unexpectedly this epitaph upon a headstone, "She was so pleasant." The instant those words came to my attention, unaided by anything in my surroundings, I thought of Helen Mears. Her friends, who are a host, testify to her "sweet and radiant personality," and of "her great capacity for making others happy. I do not know of any person I ever met who was nicer to have about. She was always so sunny and cheerful and sweet. She was radiant with life, happiness and love; keen in her enjoyment of them; glad to give herself, her time, her glorious voice, wholeheartedly to others."

The wife of a New York physician asserts, "To me she will always live as a perfect half-open 'moss rose' touched by the rays of the spring sun, which illuminates and vitalizes the petals, until they burst open, and exhale the fragrance of a perfect spring

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day.’’ At her birth nature conferred upon her the outright gift of song. When three and a half years of age the Worcester *Telegram* says, ‘‘She sang sweetly and prettily’’ at a children’s service in the Piedmont church. She thus early voiced a prophecy of her subsequent life, ‘‘How to be a sunbeam.’’ This she more fully demonstrated later. Within a few days of each other she had twenty-two invitations to sing in ten cities and towns. She was alto soloist in the far-famed vested choir of Oberlin, with its one hundred and sixty selected trained voices.

She was born at the time of her father’s brilliant pastorate in Worcester, and was received into his church at Cleveland. Like Samuel in Scripture, she seemed to be one of those rare natures that need no conversion. During her father’s ministry at Albany her early and chief professional victories were won. Around the beautiful young life there was a bow of great promise. She was like snow in the truthful purity of her heart. On the day of the summons, the choir in Essex, which Miss Mears, with her passionate love of music and with her rich voice, that she always had the strength to support, had repeatedly led, were expecting to use Christmas music, but Sabbath morning, finding themselves so heartsick and grief-stricken, they were wholly incapacitated for any such service. The pall that fell over the town was affecting to visitors.

No young woman ever had a happier, even if short, career. Her path always lay in the sun. She

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looked forward to passing her life in a dream of happiness.

The family that enjoyed the rare beauty of her life in the home now knows what it is to have sacred things in it. She gave it atmosphere. By the law of association the house is not filled with furniture and objects of art. It is filled with memories. Who can look into the artistic music room, specially built for her in an elaborate addition to the summer residence, and experience no suggestion of a contralto singer, now gone to join the choir invisible, for the voice that once through spacious halls the "soul of music shed" is here mute. As a piece of music ends upon the key, so with a strange and beautiful provision of dying grace she came round to the prevailing note to which her life was keyed, and as the event approached no fear of death appeared at all, and she went singing well-nigh to the gates of Paradise. As she has had a few days there already, they must have been made wonderful by that flood of melody, that august oratorio, which shall ever rise up, like the sound of many waters, and by having her part assigned in a New Song which no one can learn but those who are redeemed. All service is not done here. Forever will The Messiah have a Hallelujah Chorus, and one of her admirers growing enthusiastic exclaimed that if there were choirs in heaven Helen Mears would be a leader there as she had been accorded the place of soloist here. Her life was all of it preparative. She had not done, at the end, or shall we say at the beginning, when

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she was added to the church of the redeemed in Heaven, all that it was in her to do.

“It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it, each and all,
A song of those who answer not
However we may call.

“They throng the silence of the heart,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.”

XVI

EARTHLY MELODIES AND THE NEW SONG

The only human character to whom our Saviour expressly likens himself, died singing. Moses sang as he went up into Nebo's lonely mountain and passed out of sight "with his singing robes around him." Our own Redeemer sang just before His death. When the eloquent Edward Irving was dying he gathered up his strength and sang the Shepherd's Song, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Only a heart of marble could be unresponsive to that last touch of pathos when Helen Grinnell Mears took up, sweetly, her swan song and thus entered the New Jerusalem, where praise is ceaseless and where discord never comes. As she had lived so she died. Her nature and her training appeared in plain evidence, when with the words of her melody, as distinct as the stars on a clear night, she entered a world that is full of music, with a song upon her lips, as if she was already one of the heavenly host, and, like Bunyan's pilgrim, already in Heaven before she had come at it. She allied music and the heavenly life. Her voice seemed to come direct from the soul. Show me character and demeanor like hers, where the ruling passion is strong in death, and I will show you a kind and a pure heart and a generous nature. Making melody on high divine themes, is the noblest in which any being can

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engage. As some musical characters incline to express deep emotion in song, so when night was drawing down around her its sable curtain her gentle nature moved instinctively to melody for expression. It was life's Even-song. The doctrine of election is contested in theology, but nature offers no explanations and lavishly bestows upon one member of a community what labor unaided could never acquire.

NATURE'S WAY

Whatever be the fact about poets, it is singularly true that singers are born, not made. There are no self-made singers. Their talent is a direct gift. "The hand that made us is divine." Instruction can only aid what is already there.

A magnetic young woman, that truly expresses the spirit of a hymn or oratorio, with intellectual appreciation and superb voice, becomes an interpreter of the Divine mind and an active aggressive factor in the services of the church. This is specially discernible in the melodies that have the flavor of sacred association. There is a tenderness in her art that melts. Catching the spirit of the words, this is felt in a peculiar sympathy of voice. A review of the career of this talented young singer suggests unlimited possibilities for consecrated song. It was a fine wish expressed for her, by one who discerned her "unerring first touch," that she might become as distinguished in the choir loft as her father was in the pulpit. When such a wish comes true, a

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consecrated young singer, with talents of the first order will have a "Divine Call." "When the burnt offering began, the song began." They are on the same level. This "sweet songstress of the National Congress of Mothers" had her public work and recognition as well as her father, Dr. David O. Mears, in his distinguished ministry, and as well as her mother, an administrative officer in very many organizations that have claimed her interests. Her fine lineage is traced to John Eliot, whose translation of the Scriptures, with "Up Biblum God," on its title page, no Indian on this continent, nor on the face of the earth, can read. It can never lead another poor Indian to the gate at the head of the way. Its work is over. Yet John Eliot is a living force.

So of her. She has produced more Christian feeling since her death than in any similar period. What is the secret of her influence and of her incontestable popularity?

It was temperamental. She was winsome, buoyant, animated, full of sunshine and hope. Her abilities brought her to leadership and her genial disposition to co-operation, to combination if you please to call it so, as shown in her conduct of the great choir of eighty-five voices at one of the large missionary summer conferences at Northfield. This life grows upon me. She attuned it to service; so the world welcomed her. If her story could be written out with entire veracity it would become an inspiration. This double-gifted child of song had the power

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to awaken taste and a strong musical impulse in others.

It must be that those who love and cultivate music here will have pre-eminence in a loftier service, causing "the Joy of Jerusalem to be heard even afar off." We certainly know that in Upper Zion, a choir of angels first led the song and then afterwards all took part. Her home-going was serenely beautiful, and the light of Heaven streamed in upon the opening way. There was no long dying. She made much of music on her way. Other's tones were subdued by the words, "Hark, Hark, I hear Helen!" In perfect tranquillity, in the bloom, hey-day and climax of her career, she passed, with little premonition, from the melodies of earth to the songs of Heaven. Unless her relatives are much deceived, she did not taste death. Of all the twenty-four, she seemed to elect the quiet hour for her departure to the world of spirits. Those on the streets late on Saturday night had found their way home. The earliest worshippers for the Sabbath were still awaiting the dawn. When the earth was stillest, having nobly lived on earth, and being honored with an early call into the King's presence to wear a crown, she was prompt to keep her appointment with the Lord of the Sabbath, as if assigned to take part in a matin-song.

"The tides of music's golden sea
Are setting toward eternity."

XVII

THE GIFT OF THE BOTTOM DOLLAR

Wendell Phillips used to say that the main factor in civilization is the dollar left over out of the week's wages after the expenses of the family have been paid. That dollar means music and pictures and travel. It opens the way to free choice and gives a chance of self-expression. This is the dollar that lifts life out of its monotony and drudgery and is usually about the only one that leaves a distinctive memory. More than all other wages together this dollar shows the differences in people. This is the dollar that has built the college thus far and it is to this "dollar left over" that it can look alone in future. If it be true that "money talks" here is a dollar that is conspicuously vocal. It voices the spirit. It tells what we love and how much we are willing to sacrifice for it. It interprets the purpose and life of a John Harvard, an Elihu Yale, a Carter, a Durant, a Williston, a Lenox, a Dodge, a Peter Cooper, or a Frederick Marquand, and sometimes after a man's death reveals a sacred life-long determination or ambition. When money talks no one comes back with the flippant remark that talk is cheap. Money talks and it alone can tell when one has earned the right to recommend a cause to others. It is one of the most disappointing things about us that we try to put only into words what would be better expressed by that which really talks.

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Money is about the only thing that can talk when a certain stage has been reached in considering the case for example of the poor brethren, for you certainly would not then propose to give them three cheers. The romance of Grinnell College presents a primitive scene in which money talks. Discussion by word of mouth had reached its limits. Just as it is no great disadvantage that so little is known of the life of Dante, as the man is in his work and the quality of his soul and the character of his genius are stamped on what we know he did, so a single deed will reveal a character. The act that raised one advocate of Grinnell College to his permanent niche in our Hall of Fame was achieved at a conference of those who early favored the higher education in Iowa and "the dollar" must have had all the marks of "the main factor in civilization," coming as it did from a Home Missionary on a salary of \$400 a year. His father had been a Senator from Maine, had received letters from President Jefferson on matters of state and had held moreover a commission which is to go to the museum of Grinnell College, signed by Samuel Adams, who, like Jefferson, signed the Declaration of Independence, and who did more than any other patriot to set in motion the wheels of the American Revolution.

When money talks and its utterance keeps on echoing while substantially two generations rise and fall and then bids fair to go on forever, the occasion becomes an interesting matter for historical study. Dr. George F. Magoun, first President of the College and officially related to it when located in Davenport,

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wrote me over his signature "Your father laid upon the table of the Moderator of the Association, after debate, the first silver dollar given for the college, saying, 'Mr. Moderator, we have talked College long enough, it is time to begin to give, and make sacrifices for it.' It was 'The dollar of our daddies' and ought to have been sacredly kept as a memorial. When they began to talk of putting their hands into their own shallow pockets the impulse seized him to make the first contribution, and rising from his seat in the little old Davenport church and advancing to the Moderator's table, he exclaimed, 'Brother Moderator, the time has come to act for the creation of a college in Iowa. I will make my first contribution now,' and laid a silver dollar, on the table. The rest of the Association followed suit, but that silver dollar of his,—how your mother loved to remember it!—was the first foundation in gifts for the College." The parenthesis is a nail fastened by the master of assemblies, for the wife of Rev. J. J. Hill remembered the gift and attested it, which would be sufficient evidence alone to substantiate it, and Magoun and Hill were brothers-in-law and Magoun, soon after the gift spent a week in Hill's earliest home in Iowa,* and knew the items of familiar family history of which this was always one. In that standard treatise on seed sowing in Iowa, published a score of years ago while many were still living who were witnesses of the occurrence, this same historian of early days asserts, a committee on location having been appointed that named Davenport "at a

*Asa Turner and His Times, pp. 250-254.

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meeting held there June, 1846, this was unanimously approved. Rev. James J. Hill observing that the time had come to give as well as consult had asked the privilege of being the first donor to the college and laid a silver dollar upon the Chairman's table." When the Articles of Incorporation went to public record they were in the writing of Dr. A. B. Robbins who acted as Chairman of the Board of Trustees for twenty years. He was one of the originals in everything that pertained to the College and is shown by the records to have been present at the earliest meetings. He has affirmed to me, that the statement which was published during his life, by President Magoun was authentic and his statements would have been published at the time except that he said that he expected to publish them himself. But he died suddenly with all his music in him. His historical papers are in my keeping in which he with re-iteration states the fact we are reviewing as he does for example at "The Commemoration of the Fifty Years Pastorate of Dr. Salter,"* where he refers to "big brother Hill" and "that dollar, the first toward the endowment of the first Iowa College," and the statement was made in the presence of two original trustees, present also like him at the early meeting, who would have questioned its historicity, had it not been indisputable. Both Charles Aldrich, the founder of the Historical Department of Iowa, and Edgar R. Harlan, his able successor, have ranked Dr. William Salter as "a natural historian." Any item of history "so appealed to his attention that he drew it into and

*April 12, 1896, page 43.

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retained it within his memory.” Both Dr. Salter and Dr. Ephraim Adams, two of the Apostles of Education in Iowa, have “taken in hand to set forth, in order, a declaration of these things, which are most surely believed among us, as they from the beginning were eye witnesses and ministers of the word, and had perfect understanding of all things from the very first that we might know the certainty of those things” in which they were participants. Speaking of Rev. Erastus Ripley and Rev. J. J. Hill, Dr. Salter, to whom Charles Aldrich “accorded the highest place as a critic,” says “Both held an honored place in the work of founding Iowa College. Mr. Ripley was the best classical scholar among us and Mr. Hill contributed the first dollar to its foundation.” (Old People’s Psalm, p. 12). At a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees July 6, 1886, a minute was passed, which is officially signed by the Secretary, which memorialized “the Rev. J. J. Hill, the donor of the first dollar to Iowa College.” Dr. Ephraim Adams, who wrote the standard history of The Iowa Band, refers (p. 125) to Mr. Hill as “the one who gave the first dollar to the College.” And in a public address at Commencement a quarter of a century ago, with other original trustees present who would know the fact, in accepting a picture of Mr. Hill for the Library, said that he gave the first dollar to found the College. and the next year too in public address at Commencement he refers to “that first dollar given by our lamented Brother Hill” and to “the Board of Trus-

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tees first elected on the tenth of June, 1846.”* This occurs in an official statement for the Trustees. The removal of the College from Davenport to the highest ground between the two great rivers reconditioned everything. In the new contingent of Trustees Hon. J. B. Grinnell was the most conspicuous character and he continued a Trustee for thirty years and he leaves this record,† “Rev. J. J. Hill of the Iowa Band put the first dollar in the Treasury.”‡ The first teacher in our high-altitude college at Grinnell, Dr. Leonard F. Parker, specialist in history, a distinguished educator, in an address on “The Founders of the College” at the Jubilee Exercises June, 1898, gives this verdict, “Iowa College was founded when James Jeremiah Hill laid his dollar on the table of the Congregational Association (the first dollar ever given for Iowa College) and said: ‘Now appoint a committee to take care of it.’ That committee was the first Board of Trustees.” This is the finding too of Dr. J. H. T. Main, President of the College in his study of “The Iowa Band and Iowa College,” “The financial history of Iowa College began when Rev. J.

*Inauguration of President Gates, pp. 6-7.

† Men and Events of Forty Years, p. 326.

‡ The gift of this Bottom Dollar, lingering lovingly in the memory of a son of the giver, undoubtedly occasioned the incident recorded, pages 132, 133, in Durand’s “Joseph Ward of Dakota,” which recites that the members of the Yale Dakota Band brought with them from the East a silver dollar, which had been sent to Dakota as the first dollar toward the founding of the first college in that new country at Yankton. Rev. James L. Hill, D.D., of Salem, Mass., was the donor. The South Dakota Band held a meeting in Boston and Dr. Hill, saying that a college would inevitably be the outcome of their work, handed them the first dollar toward it. An account of this was printed in “The Advance.” Later Rev. W. B. D. Gray brought the dollar East, saying that it was the first dollar given to the college, and was found in President Ward’s desk after his death. Dr. Hill has a certificate signed by Mr. Gray, and President Warren, testifying to these facts.

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J. Hill, throwing a large silver dollar on the table, said 'I give one dollar for the founding of a Christian College in Iowa. Appoint your Trustees to care for that dollar.' " And in entire consistency with this is the reply of the lamented Dr. E. W. Clark, one of the most exact and useful of all the Trustees, to the question in the Grinnell Herald of Nov. 29, 1910, when a year's subscription was given to the person first giving a correct answer to ten questions, the last requiring the names of the men who first laid the foundation of Iowa College. In his Pilgrims in Iowa as reported in The Register and Leader of Dec. 25, 1910, Dr. Truman O. Douglass, acknowledged authority on early ecclesiastical history in Iowa, reviewing the planting time of churches and the College awards this honor:—"The Rev. J. J. Hill who gave the first dollar to Grinnell College was the founder of seven churches." "Again the story of Harvard with its pewter plates and Yale with its books repeated itself and the Puritan Spirit had a local habitation and a name in the rich Commonwealth of Iowa," says Dr. Lucius O. Baird, District Secretary of the American Missionary Association. "When James J. Hill put down on the table one dollar to found this College of Christian education."

The world likes a man who does things. The act was just suited to the magic of the moment and to the spirit and purpose of the meeting. It struck the popular ear and caught a quick response from a vibrant auditory. Those of us who have often seen all of the men who were then known to be present think of them

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as we last saw them. No, no, this was before we were born, and all the sharers in the event were distinctly young. Far down the gallery of College History hangs another picture. It is a Dubuque scene. Only young women are delineated. It is at a meeting of the General Association of Iowa and in the second largest church in the state. The telegraph had only demonstrated its practicability the year the Immortal Eleven went to Iowa, and in a day when bridges, railroads and telephones were lacking, it was said to be worth a year of toil to go up to this feast of fellowship. The College was the theme. Great feeling was kindled. Their hearts flowed together and we read (Minutes 1850, p. 62) "The Conference on Monday morning was distinguished by the warm flow of sympathy and affection, a high tone of spirituality, and the expression of the most earnest desire to do good. The wives also of the ministers, anxious to share in the enterprise of founding the College, resolves to raise \$100.00 out of their own resources, and \$70.00 were subscribed by fourteen who were present." It was at this meeting and in connection with her gift to the College that the wife of J. J. Hill, who died at the age of 28 uttered the words that have become somewhat celebrated and which are inscribed on her monument in the Hazelwood Cemetery at Grinnell, "Somebody must be built into these foundations." The great Kossuth apologized for having hesitated in his address, "Pardon me, the shades of my fathers are passing before me." It is not a bad vice to honor those who were generous, unselfish, wise, and useful. Against Iowa was once

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brought the reproach that she had no storied past. But we see in it now a Shechinah presence. In referring to this incident at Dubuque, which occurred in his church, Dr. John C. Holbrook asserts (*Recollections of a Nonogenarian*, p. 77) "that there was a pledge of \$10.00 each," whereas we have found that "\$70.00 were subscribed by fourteen who were present." But I am not seeking to reconcile matters of detail but to nail down the main fact of the two romantic occurrences. The College it will be seen grew out of the church as the waters in Ezekiel's vision flowed out of the sanctuary. We are not to think that the men, who shaped the beginnings and planted the small seed, made the history, marvelous as is the vitality of a seed. It is the history that has made the men. The first gift in point of size was almost a negligible quantity. It was made important only by later bestowals. But the increase on that first dollar at compound interest, so we have been made to understand by a calculation, in less than 240 years would amount to more than two and one-half millions of dollars. But before the expiration of the time that amount will be required seeing that a blooded colt even now takes all the care and attention of a special trainer.

When I have dreamed, by night or day, of some great good fortune, in the matter of money, of the arrival of the ship, or of "Money to burn," the vision has been beautiful and has not happened to be for myself, but for developing and perfecting the College, up to an equality with all modern requirements. And

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if I could select for myself at this moment, and I say it reflectively, the result of the life, the rewards of which I would most desire, it would be to enable the College to rise nobly up to the exigent needs of the present century, with an educational work that the founders, in such a spirit of sacrifice, so heroically began, in a century that is gone. Not to take advanced ground is unworthy of our antecedents. As Dr. Judson used to insist, a bold aggressive spirit is demanded of the conductor of an institution like this and timeliness is essential in the question of success. This is the "Iowa Idea." My prayer is that the College may go on like Tennyson's brook. While romance and a little touch of pathos seem to have early entered into the so-called Grinnell Spirit, yet some go so far as to speak of the "New Grinnell," but in all of her honorable history, there is one and only one Grinnell. Growing and increasing in strength with the support of the friends of education, there is a Grinnell idea, a composite sense, a *geist*, a sentiment, a genius, a movement centered there, reinforced continually, with new energy so excellent, now so obvious, as to incline us to acquaint ourselves with that aggregation of forces, that working together, have produced Grinnell. The College has a soul, an interior life, an *esprit de corps*, much as I dislike the use of the French phrase, although our English language has no equivalent for it, and this inherent noble quality is a distinct asset as it stirs enthusiasm and loyalty in the Alumni toward Alma Mater which is one of the purest and most chivalrous emotions. Her beginnings sprang from the passion

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of eastern people, which is their best characteristic, that their children should be educated and should not grow up in ignorance and so enter upon life. And while the pioneer days are gone and all the rough conditions and hardships and their incredible toil and their primitive romance, yet their worthiest and most distinguishing purpose and their readiness of sacrifice, their determination to make a higher provision than that reaped from their astonishingly productive fields, to subordinate materialism and the secular habit, to education and character were the birth and the re-birth of the Grinnell Spirit. Its atmosphere, its animation, its traditions, its ideals, its principle of evolution are the only things that have been continuous. No other College that has attained such size was ever subjected to such subversions. It was crowded off its campus by aggressive greed. "Get thee out into a land that I will show thee." It submitted to removal and a second cradle place was provided. It made adjustment to a new environment half way across a wide state which, however, proved very favorable to its growth. It is a mark of a healthy good thing that it tends to right itself. A fire took half of its visible wealth, a cyclone made a clean sweep of it. Eccentricity of opinion and doctrine, ultraism, idiosyncrasy have appeared, but all soon merged again in the common purpose of Dr. Johnson's principle that the odd never lasts. Stones are set along the highway that mark the burial places of singularities and foibles while the continuity of work for seventy-five years has for its monument the beautiful College itself. The

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institution at Grinnell today is enriched by a distinct contribution from each administration, diverse in touch and technique, as the several executives have been. Living or dead, their names are in our Hall of Fame. The only way to describe the present President is to think of the exact kind of a head that the College needs. All of its founders have passed up to the higher service and eternal rewards and are now looking down in benediction. And so it comes about that our beloved leader, a scholar among scholars, who knows how to turn all the corners, who takes things by the smooth handle, is not only pushed by unseen hands but discerns the beckoning of a future which has in it a strong survival of the Puritan spirit with that spirit modernized. The ideal of the College is to make a specialty of each student and give him at the critical period in his life an opportunity to do for himself, with the help of trainers, the best that he can do. With such a responsibility thrust upon her, as one of the elite institutions, she is constrained to reach out her hands to the Alumni and the friends of education for enlargement, educational expansion by endowment, that she may give all possible advantages to even her poorest student. For what does it avail a young person who lacks the wherewithal if we open a fountain of pure learning, if we do not by scholarships and prizes and rewards, make it possible for a youth to avail himself of it. This is vital in this institution justly held in such reverence for what she has actually shown of her wondrous transforming power.

XVIII

THE GROWTH OF GOVERNMENT

A SERMON DELIVERED BEFORE THE EXECUTIVE AND LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS, AT THE ANNUAL ELECTION, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1878.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Jan. 11, 1878.

Ordered, That a committee of three be appointed to present the thanks of the House to the Rev. James L. Hill of Lynn, for his able and eloquent sermon preached before the executive and legislative branches of the government on the second instant, and to request a copy of the same for publication.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Jan. 11, 1878.

Adopted, and Messrs. McGibbons of Lynn, Paige of Cambridge, and Sanford of Brockton, are appointed the committee.

GEO. A. MARDEN, *Clerk.*

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, BOSTON, Jan. 16, 1878.

DEAR SIR,— By a vote of the House of Representatives, passed Jan. 11, the undersigned were appointed a committee to express the thanks of the House to you for the able and eloquent sermon preached before the executive and legisla-

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tive branches of the government on the second instant, and to request a copy of the same for publication.

It gives us great pleasure to communicate the above vote and request.

Your obedient servants,

SAM. S. McGIBBONS,
BAALIS SANFORD, Jr.,
LUCIUS R. PAIGE,

Committee.

Rev. JAS. L. HILL.

LYNN, Jan. 24, 1878.

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the sixteenth instant, in behalf of the House of Representatives, requesting for the press a copy of the sermon preached before the executive and legislative departments of the State Government upon the first Wednesday of this month. In response to your request so kindly expressed, I herewith place the sermon at your disposal. With sentiments of respect for the honorable body which you represent, and for yourselves personally,

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES L. HILL.

To Hon. SAM. S. McGIBBONS, BAALIS SANFORD, Jr.,
LUCIUS R. PAIGE,

Committee of House of Representatives.

SERMON

“Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors.”

JOHN iv. 38.

With characteristic delicacy our Lord here alludes to the work which he himself has accomplished, by ascribing it simply to “others;”

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that is, to another agency than the disciples.* As they lift up their eyes to look upon a field white already to harvest, an incitement is given to men to enter into the labors of God. "He prepared and sowed the field," says Meyer: "they were called upon to do what was still further necessary, and to reap." Men are encouraged to work because of what God hath wrought. The Lord has sown, the disciples shall reap, and all shall rejoice together. Whether made manifest by revelation or in nature, or in the mysterious guidance of individuals and nations, man's work is to accept, interpret, and voice the works of God. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; it was the gift of God. And as such, this revelation of Himself has made neither advancement nor development; but, receiving the divinely completed work, men, on their part, having learned the simple alphabet of the Old Testament, and the briefly comprehended lesson of the New Testament, have stimulated and aided one another, by what they have discovered and thought and felt, to "think after Him the great thoughts of God." Interpretation is begun. One doctor comments on

*The word "men" does not occur in the literal text. "Who are the others? To regard Moses and the prophets as sowers, would derange and disjoint the whole saying. Christ is the sower." — Stier.

"Jesus was the laborer. While self-evident from the connection, . . . with self-evident renunciation is half concealed under the plural others." — Meyer.

"Christ is led to reflect on the relation in which his labors stand to those of the apostles. . . . It is best to understand the others as referring essentially to Christ alone, and to suppose that he adopts this form of expression merely in reference to the proverb, v. 37. — Tholuck.

"By others here, he cannot mean the Old Testament prophets." — Alford. The plural is used to make the clauses of the text correspond with each other.

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another doctor of the law. The law, being as it is the law of God, is fixed; but its exposition, being the work of the race universal, is enriched by the diversified and accumulated experiences and thoughts of the growing ages.* The best commentary is literally forever being written.

Discoveries of truth never so rich have been made by our own generation; and "God hath more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word." The work of the Creator must in every realm, condition the work of the creature. Man is not an inventor, but a discoverer only. All the needs of commerce had been anticipated from the foundations of the world. That mysterious element which holds the quivering needle to the distant pole has waited for its application to the construction of the mariner's compass since the heavens and the earth were finished. When, as a blessing to the seafaring, the Eddystone Lighthouse — that triumph of mechanics which determines the subsequent character of similar structures — was to be rebuilt, "On this occasion," writes John Smeaton in his famous Narrative, "the natural figure of a large spreading oak presented itself to my imagination as a figure not ungraceful, and, at the same time, carrying the idea of greatest firmness and solidity."

In the improvements as well of all instruments

* "Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise." — Macaulay's Essays (Student's Ed.), vol. i., p. 207.

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for the measurement of duration, man can aim only at an approximation to that accuracy in time which God has employed since the heavens were created, in the movements of the spheres. "I had noted," said Sir Henry Wotton, "that all art was in the truest perfection when it might be reduced to some natural principle; for what are the most judicious artisans but the mimics of nature?"

Passing now from material objects and their qualities to the consideration of the benevolent conduct of intelligent beings, still may we affirm, as we enter the political and moral realm, that ultimate principles, like the distinction between right and wrong, inhere in the nature of things. They are eternal, necessary truths. But how these principles may be applied to the practical relations of men, and become embodied in righteous government, is a matter of multifarious judgment, and must be learned through manifold ages by the experience of nations. We cannot at once incorporate divine principles into human laws. We perceive the principles, but cannot conceive the laws. The benevolent wisdom of God, men and generations of men must help one another to interpret and understand, and at length incorporate into the State. What God would contribute to splendid achievements in government, is done. Man's work is by no means accomplished, but is advancing year by year, and from one generation to another; and I have thought it not altogether inappropriate to adopt as my theme of discourse.

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The Infinite Mind, discerning all possible relations, at once forms the divine government and laws in accordance with absolute right. Although we should not say that God creates it, yet He impersonates the right, and makes revelation of it. Our intuitions declare his character to be holy, because it is wholly conformed to the right. When man is created, he is brought into the conscious presence of a law whose mandate he must recognize. The law is uncreated; but man is created with reference to it, and to its claims his nature, by its very constitution, makes response. Thus, before all written statutes, men are a law unto themselves. The law may be disregarded; but still there exists a distinction between what is reasonable and what is unreasonable,—between what is just and what is unjust. What a man wills to do is not ultimate, but rather what in recognition of this law he ought to do. The will is capricious. It inclines to become tyrannous. It must be conformed to a superior standard. The will of one, simply considered, has no right to insist upon the submission of the will of any other.

There is a difference between yielding to an arbitrary will and consenting to a natural law. That it is possible to govern with the consent of the governed, implies the existence of a common principle to be observed by him who rules and by him who obeys. Tyrannies, whether they be of monarchies or of democracies,—for there be despots many that are not crowned monarchs,—must stand

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condemned at that bar where witnesses for the prosecution are as many as there are true-hearted men. Arbitrary methods and enactments, in one form of governed, implies the existence of a common principles to be observed by him who rules and by protest of innate principle, shall feel the shock of an immortal energy.* The principle then to be recognized in government is not in the exclusive possession of a favored class, but is as universal as humanity. The gradual recognition of the right of representation in government indicates that every man has a native sense of justice which another is only delegated, in the best manner, to express. The results of legislation, and in some measure through the publicity of debates the processes of legislation, must commend themselves to every man's conscience. Men, if enlightened and honest, not because they are rulers, but because they are men, may aid in the discovery and appliance of truth and justice. Their researches must be encouraged. All the elements of good that any time exist disseminated throughout society must be extracted, unified, and constantly organized into the structure of the gov-

* "Such is the force of liberal opinions when they have once taken root in the popular mind that notwithstanding the ordeal to which they are exposed, and notwithstanding the punishments inflicted on the advocates, it is found impossible to stifle them, and it is found impossible even to prevent their increase. . . . Every system must fall if it opposes the march of opinions, and gives shelter to maxims and institutions repugnant to the spirit of the age. In this sort of contest the ultimate result is never doubtful. The vigor of public opinion is unaffected by the laws of mortality. . . . It does not flourish to-day and decline to-morrow. This has always seemed to me a decisive proof of the natural and healthy march of English civilization."—Buckle's *History of Civilization in England*, vol. i., pp. 357-8.

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ernment.* Only when concentrated, embodied, and clothed with power, do these scattered and fragmentary forces yield their full strength to the promotion of the progress and welfare of the State.* The discoveries of truth at best will be gradual. The satellites of Mars patiently waited to be found. The planet Neptune was seen fifty years before it was discovered. It is the perturbation in the motion of Uranus that discloses another superior planet, and only more remote.

There are superior political principles yet to be found, to give completeness to our system, and to account for departures that are constantly being made from the prescribed path of our preconceived theories; and within the orbit of a lesser truth the attractive influence of a greater shall lead to its discovery. Neptune had been seen, and its position in the heavens marked down; but the astronomer had made up his mind that it was a fixed star, all unconscious that a world was to be added to the solar system. And, in the firmament of truth, the heavens are studded with gems, whose significance is still unappreciated, but whose real character shall

* "It was a remark of Burke, made in the British Parliament, in his celebrated reply to Fox on the subject of the French Revolution, 'that he who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own.' Men cannot act alone: every faculty of the mind is adapted to exert its peculiar power in society. All have something to ask, something to give, something to do." — *History of Democracy*: Capen. Vol. i., p. 3.

* "What the science of mechanics is to matter, party is to knowledge. The one leads to the improvement of material things, the other to the advancement of society. Party may be denominated the manifold form of moral power in action. Its elements are to be found in the principles of human nature. . . . It permanently aids in opening paths of truth. It has an onward and conservative power. — *Hist. of Democ.*, vol. i., p. 1.

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yet be known; and not only shall the comprehension of one truth lead to the apprehension of another, but, also many incidental truths shall still attend upon what shall yet be disclosed, like the attendance of Neptune's satellite upon the planet. There is a difference between seeing a thing and knowing it, and a truth cannot be fully known until its force is experienced, and that widely and by successive generations. Our sense of justice is one thing; our judgment is quite another. With reference to the Infinite Ruler, these terms may be used interchangeably. Not so with us. Between them occurs, sometimes, a fearful hiatus. Our intuitions are good, and our motives in government are good, but our judgment may be poor. To make judgment the transcription of justice is the progressive work of the ages. Judgment necessitates the data of experience. This is a growth. It involves an interminable series of well-considered efforts to adjust the parts of a community to the whole and the whole to the parts.* Society has some common interests in opposition to the individuals composing it. The individual must yield something to the State; and yet it exists for the man, and not the man to aggrandize the State. In Plato's conception, a citizen differed from a slave only in this, that he had the State for his master.

*As stated in its preamble, the Constitution of Massachusetts "is a Social Compact by which the whole people covenant with each citizen, and each citizen with the whole people, that all shall be governed by certain laws for the common good." — Manual of General Court, p. 39.

"All the constitutional authority ever possessed by the kings of Great Britain over their dominions was by compact derived from the people, and held of them for the common interest of the whole society." — Constitution of New Jersey.

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This is a Pagan idea, and not a Christian. In the Christian view, men are created alike, in the image of God; they have an independent value, and are equal. Nothing seems more elementary and evident. But in all rudimentary government the family was the unit. The patriarchy tended to become monarchy.

The subject was taught to recognize authority, a thing so desirable in itself, but suppressive in its influence and tendency. The irresponsible use of power ends in its abuse. This abuse rouses men from that inertia which must be recognized as a law in the movements in human history, as well as a law in the motion of bodies, and which induces a peculiar tendency to rest or to depart from the existing order of things only so far as exigencies may require. Extreme despotism gives rise to extreme views of personal liberty. It can almost be said that the first step toward freedom is a misstep or overstep on the part of its assailant. That a people becomes disinthralled by being intralled. But liberty does not begin with a people's enjoyment of it. It antedates all the forms of its expression.

The spirit is given: a body is grown. The recognition has been gradual; the principle is eternal.

“Since neither now nor yesterday began
These thoughts, which have been ever, nor yet can
A man be found who their first entrance knew.”

The struggle of six centuries abroad, and our own conflict and progress for a century and a half,

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brought us to the declaration that men were free and equal. Now, it is very significant that, for the perfected expression of this doctrine, we must come forward with the march of the centuries; but to find the principles which men and generations of men have labored to embody, we must go backward to the very beginnings of constitutional government, only to find them assumed in the code of nature. "Whenever Roman jurisprudence, which has the longest known history of any set of human institutions, attempts to conform itself to the code of nature," all men are considered equal. This, as shown by Maine in his *Ancient Law*, is with the Romans a strictly legal rule. With the French it becomes a political proposition. All men are equal in the sense of ought to be equal. And the maxim begins to express the sense of a great standing wrong suffered by mankind. A century ago the doctrine passed over to America. Says Maine, "The American lawyers of the time, and particularly those of Virginia, appear to have possessed a stock of knowledge, including much that could have been derived only from the legal literature of Continental Europe. A very few glances at the writings of Jefferson will show how strongly his mind was affected by the semi-judicial, semi-popular opinions which were fashionable in France; and we cannot doubt that it was sympathy with the peculiar ideas of the French jurists which led him, and the other Colonial lawyers who guided the course of events in America, to join the especially French assumption that all men are

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born equal, with the assumption more familiar to Englishmen that all men are born free, in the very first lines of the Declaration of Independence.” These self-evident truths, gathered from Roman, French and English sources, but organized upon our shores, “gave an impulse to political movements in this country, were returned to their home in Great Britain and France endowed with vastly greater energy and enjoying much greater claims on general reception and respect: they have thoroughly leavened modern opinions, and promise to modify most deeply the constitution of societies and the politics of States.” The principle expressed is a germ un-created, eternal. It has steadily grown. Its roots, beginning early to spread, are firmly grounded in the past. Its development is historic. Therein is its value. Nothing has been improvised. Every part of our political inheritance has its own bitter price of conflict and sacrifice, and is hoary with history. Our fathers organized what no single nation nor any generation was sufficient to produce. Our Federal institutions have peculiar claims to our veneration for having been thus wrought out in the direct line of historic succession and experience.* “The principles and feelings,” said John Adams, “which produced the Revolution, ought to be traced back for two hundred years, and sought in the history of the

* “Respecting your forefathers, you would have been taught to respect yourselves. . . . You began ill, because you began by despising every thing that belonged to you. You set up your trade without a capital. If the last generation of your country appeared without much lustre in your eyes, you might have passed them by, and derived your claims from a more early race of ancestors.”—Reflections on Revolution in France: Burke. Vol. iii., p. 278.

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country from the first plantations in America." "I have always laughed," said he again, "at the affectation of representing American Independence as a novel idea, as a modern discovery, as a late invention. The idea of it, as a possible thing, has been familiar to Americans from the first settlement of the country, and was as well understood by Governor Winthrop in 1675, as by Governor Samuel Adams when he told you that Independence had been the first wish of his heart for seven years."* Independence Hall, Faneuil Hall, this old South Church, with its sacred associations, is not the cradle of liberty. The Declaration of Independence, as its name implies, is but the declaration of something that had already come to exist.† Liberty is fraught with a significance it could not claim had it sprung up suddenly, one summer's day, like Jonah's gourd, as a matter of temporary protection. For its enjoyment men have labored. They have not made it, but they have made it to grow.

Transplanted shrubs and trees flourish best. The nursery is too strait for them. So liberty needed other soil and freer air. This continent, providen-

*Works of John Adams, vol. ix., p. 596. "All great effects have remote and slowly-operating causes. To my view the New-England of 1775-76,—the movement of John Adams and his compeers for Independence, are to Winthrop's administration something like what the fruit is to the blossom."—Palfrey's History of New England, vol. ii., p. 266.

†"There is not an idea in it but has hackneyed in Congress for two years."—Adam's Works, vol. ii., p. 514. "The truth is, the subject had long been familiar to the contemplation of all members of Congress."—John Adams to Mercy Warren. "Otis was a flame of fire. . . . Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claim of Great Britain: then and there the child Independence was born. In fifteen years, namely in 1776, he grew up to Manhood and declared himself free."—Adam's Works, vol. x., pp. 247-8.

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tially unknown and unoccupied by settled inhabitants, was reserved, until, with the history of the world to guide them, and having learned the value of freedom by its loss, a disciplined people had been gradually prepared to institute here what the ground was pre-occupied against establishing there. "In view of the thick clouds that were gathering over their homes, Winthrop and his associates," says Palfrey, "conceived a project no less important than of laying on this side of the Atlantic a nation's foundations, which could be built upon as future circumstances would allow. They contemplated the possibility that the time was near at hand when all that was best of what they had left behind would follow them to these shores."

The pilgrims to this continent were ideas as well as men. We are taught to make grateful recognition of what England conferred in the gift of her sons, but we are not so often reminded of our special indebtedness for the valuable home instruction which those sons received from "the mother of us all." The principles which produced revolution here would have resulted in revolution in Old England, had they not found expression in New England.*

*Since this sermon was delivered, the writer, on reading Dr. J. P. Thompson's "The United States as a Nation" is glad to find himself re-enforced by such excellent authority. The Revolution was to preserve freedom, and not primarily to acquire it. "The Colonists renounced their allegiance to George III., not because he was a king, but because they had come to look upon him as a prince whose character was marked by every act that may define a tyrant, and therefore unfit to be the ruler of a free people. As Englishmen, and the sons of Englishmen, they were freeborn. To such a people national independence was a foregone conclusion, not indeed in their own original purpose, but in the logic of events." pp. 2, 3. "The English people owe to the American Revolution no small share in the conservation of their own local and popular freedom against the

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For against their progress nothing shall be able to stand. We trace their stages of growth through Magna Charta, Petition of Right, Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union, and the Federal Constitution. The present has never been dissevered from the past. Every step of progress is conditioned upon some earlier step.* The exact form which the political development should assume has been unforeseen, for it has not been the result of speculation, but the consequent of experience. All those ideal constitutions which have been formed by philosophers in accordance with their theories, and without reference to history or experience, have ever been, as they ever must be, egregious failures.† Men cannot be makers of a constitution, but only framers of it. Our Federal constitution was not adopted until it was found, by the convention that assembled for the revision of the articles of Confederation, that a new instrument was necessary to embody the new growth. The idea of abolishing the Confederation, and adopting in its place the

encroachments of the crown, and also in that wise and liberal policy that now retains English Colonies within the British Empire.''-p. 49.

* "These humble but fearless adventurers . . . adopted the common law of England as the general basis of their jurisprudence, varying it, however, from time to time by municipal regulations better adapted to their situation, or conforming more exactly to their stern notions of the absolute authority and universality of the Mosaic institutions."—Story on the Constitution, vol. i., p. 30.

† "For government, let it be in the hands of one, assisted with some counsel, and let them have commission to exercise martial laws with some limitation. When the plantation grows to strength, then it is time to plant with women as with men."—Bacon: Of Plantations. Essays. (Boston, Ed.) pp. 335-6.

Locke's constitution for South Carolina is another illustration. "In framing constitutions for Carolina, Locke forgot that there can be no such thing as a creation of laws."—Bancroft's History of the United States. (Cent. Ed.) Vol. i., p. 494.

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Constitution was not at first the end contemplated by the States. Healthful life never comes forth from the old forms until enforced to do so for the sake of enlarged and continued growth.*

Under the Constitution we have been testing its excellence and its strength. For scores of years, recurring in different forms, the question has been constantly arising, what is the true meaning of its very first line. Ought it to read, "We the people," or would it better read, "We the States?"† "When the two sections of the country were no longer arrayed in arms against each other," still, in the words of the peace-loving and sagacious Chief Magistrate of the nation in his recent message to Congress, "there was a wide-spread apprehension that the momentous results of our progress as a nation, marked by the recent amendments to the constitution, were in imminent jeopardy. But now the earnest purpose of good citizens generally to supplant the destructive force of the mutual animosities of races and of sectional hostility, and to unite their efforts to make permanent the pacification of the country is evident." What is called, at the Capitol in Washington, "the most important of all our national interests," is but the re-echo of that prophetic

* "Pacavius sometimes advised his neighbors of Capua not to cashier their old magistrates till they could agree upon a better to place in their room; so did these choose to abide by the laws of England till they could be provided of better." — Hubbard's History, chap. 10, p. 62.

† While the people choose to maintain it as it is, while they are satisfied with it and refuse to change it, who has given, or who can give, to the State Legislatures a right to alter it, either by interference, construction, or otherwise? — Webster's Reply to Hayne, Jan. 26, 1830. Works, vol. iii., p. 340.

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voice, uttered in the Capitol of Massachusetts and before your honorable body, the two branches of the Legislature, twelve years ago tomorrow, by His Excellency John A. Andrew, of proudly-cherished memory, who, with all the emphasis that came from five years of executive administration at the helm of this Ship of State in stormy and perilous times, declared, “*There ought now to be a vigorous prosecution of the peace*, just as vigorous as our recent prosecution of the war.”* Those who, like our great War-Governor, were first in war, were first as well also in peace; for they went into the war—aye, and what is more, they *came out of the war*—on principle. *Such men are above party hostility and personal recrimination.* Right, justice, reason, love, peace, are above party consideration; and while there is a God of peace, they shall not lack for a party, and that one an invincible. After what a strife, in what a union, and with what patient, anxious waiting, is it now being settled that it is not “*We the States*,” but with its full and blessed meaning it is truly “*We the people of the United States*, in order to insure domestic tranquility and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America.”

*The words of Governor Andrew are as appropriate to-day as when they were spoken: “I am satisfied that with the support of a firm policy from the President, and with the help of conciliatory and generous disposition on the part of the North, the measures needed for permanent and universal welfare can surely be obtained. We ought to extend our hands with cordial good-will, demanding no attitude of humiliation from any, inflicting no acts of humiliation upon any. The offence of war has met its appropriate punishment at the hands of war.” Valedictory Address, pp. 38 and 39: Senate Doc. No. 2, 1866.

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I. In the light of what now has been suggested we may have disclosed to our view the substantial basis of Christian patriotism. If it were possible for a government to be at once made by a certain number of individuals, the object of our veneration would be, not the State, so much as the men who gave us the State. Patriotism would be perverted into love for the patriot, instead of being a patriot's love for his country. But if government is grown, we are brought first to the acknowledgment of the divine superintendence of that Providence who has supplied the conditions of growth; under whose laws and under whose care from age to age the growth proceeds so quietly, that the succession of generations is less marked than the annual growth of the forest trees. And then we are taught to recognize the principle of growth, within the State itself, divinely implanted. As *possessed with life* we ought to foster the State, and think of it, and love it. It is not a thing. It is *being*.*

It was not born at its full. Its growth is the substance of history. The incidents of that history which mark the stages of its growth are the orderings of God. In many of them the end proposed by man differed from the end contemplated by the Ruler of nations. The union that withstood the *British* was enforced by the encroachments of the *French*. The very union that was to throw off an

* "There is a mystery . . . in the soul of state
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expression to."

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., sc. 3.

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oppressive yoke was effected in part by the instruments of oppression themselves, who sought to centralize all authority that it might become more directly subject to the absolute will of the king. While the principles incorporated into the Declaration of Independence were so largely drawn from the political and popular sentiments of the French people, it was the Divine guardianship that kept our institutions from the taint of the infidel notions at that time prevailing in France, and with which the mind of Jefferson was in notorious sympathy.* He who is Governor among the nations used Jefferson in effecting one revolution, but keeps us graciously from the pernicious effects of Jefferson's theory of the desirability of a rebellion every twenty years, with the idea that a rebellion now and then is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical.† The aristocratic tendencies of the first two Presidents‡ are divinely utilized in

*The residence of Jefferson in Europe is one of the most curious portions of his life, less on account of what he did than of what he saw and thought, and deserves to be studied if we desire thoroughly to appreciate the part which Jefferson afterward played in his country at the head of the democratic party. It was in Paris that he learned to abhor the whole social organization of Europe; it was in Paris that he learned to hate the power both of the aristocracy and clergy.'—Jefferson and the American Democracy, pp. 123-4. The men who effected the revolution were not all believers. . . . Prayers and public fasts continued to be resorted to whenever it was found desirable, by agitators or the state, to act powerfully on the minds of the people.—*Ibid.* p. 17.

†Works of Jefferson, vol. ii., p. 318. Honest republican governors should become so "mild in their punishment of rebellions as not to discourage them too much. It is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government."—*Ibid.* p. 105. "No country should be so long without a rebellion."—*Ibid.* p. 331.

‡Such, for instance, as the Vice-President, John Adams, pompously going about, like a prince, in his carriage with six horses; Mrs. Washington, on her entrance into New York, receiving a salute of thirteen guns; the presidential palace, and the luxury and etiquette which gave it a resemblance to Versailles; the servants in livery, the guests in full dress, every body standing before the head of the

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founding the Federal Government; but that One who is our Master, and by whose doctrine we all are brethren, could still reserve Jefferson "to root out every germ of centralization and monarchy, and to introduce into the working of the government the preponderating influence of democratic ideas."* The acquisition of good is not accidental. It is not the caprice of war or fortune. It points us to the Being under whose benevolent auspices this principle of selection graciously works.

state; and, to sum up all, the ball at which Washington had sat upon a sofa resembling a throne, and that committee of senate which had gone so far as to wish to give the President the title of Highness and Protector.—Jefferson and the American Democracy, p. 179. Washington was himself, says Higginson, in favor of the words "High Mightiness," the words used to describe the Stadholder of Holland; that state being then a republic. "Jefferson's administration was conducted on a system very different, in some respects, from those of Washington and Adams. His personal habits were very simple, and so were his views of government. Instead of going in a coach and six to the Capitol, as Washington had done, Jefferson rode thither on horseback on the day of his inauguration, dismounted, tied his horse to a post, and read his address. Afterwards he did not do even this, but sent a 'message' to Congress by a secretary, as has been the practice ever since. He abolished the weekly levees, but on New Year's Day and the Fourth of July threw open his doors to the whole people. He would not have his birthday celebrated, as had been the previous custom; but concealed the day in order to prevent this." Washington wrote to John Jay (Sparks's Life of Washington, vol. ix., p. 187): "We have probably had too good an opinion of human nature in forming our confederation. Experience has taught us that men will not adopt and carry into execution measures best calculated for their own good without the intervention of a coercive power." "The glare of royalty and nobility during (Adam's) mission to England had made him believe their fascination a necessary ingredient in government."—Works of Jefferson, vol. ix., pp. 97 and 507.

* "Jefferson's accession to the Presidency in 1801 was represented by himself as a pacific revolution, as real as that of 1776; a revolution, not of form but of principle, which rescued the vessel of the state from the monarchical current into which it had been steered while the people slept, and brought it back to its natural current,—the republican and democratic current."—Jefferson's Works, vol. ii., pp. 133, 135. "The contests of that day were contests of principle between the advocates of republican and those of kingly government."—Ibid, vol. ix., p. 88. "It was my lot," wrote Jefferson in 1820, to the grandfather of the writer.—Hon. Mark Langdon Hill of Maine,—"to be charged with the duty of changing the course of the government from what we deemed a monarchical to its republican tack."—Ibid. p. 154.

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Not a great political idea has existed, no policy or philosophy of government has prevailed as a power in the earth, but some vestige of it is now inwrought into the political fabric. So the historian Hume represents the national character of the English people to be “a union of all the excellent qualities possessed separately by different portions of the great human family.” So the nature of Milton,* as pictured by Macaulay, “selected and drew to itself,” and “combined in harmonious union, whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled.” As the idea of beauty expressed in the Apollo Belvedere, or in the Venus de Medici, is not taken from an individual, but the excellences and perfections found only in parts scattered here and there among the members of the human family, are rather, with a happy and congenial grouping, blended into one standard form, which is not ideal but a real transcription of the symmetry of man as he came from the hand of his Maker; thus appropriating all that deserves perpetuation, the State gathers from every source, and combines whatever exists dispersed in the world of reason, justice, truth; organizes them into unity,* calls them to the occupation of power,

* “Milton did not strictly belong to any of the classes we have described. He was not a Puritan. He was not a Free-thinker. He was not a Royalist. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union.—Macaulay's *Essay on Milton*. (Student's Ed. *Essays*.) Vol. i., p. 259.

* “Our fabric is so constituted, one part bears so much on the other, the parts are so made for one another and for nothing else, that to introduce any foreign matter into it is to destroy it. This British Constitution has not been struck out at a heat

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and becomes a government, not *ideal* only, but a real incarnation in political and human relations of primitive divine principles, whose effect is to enable men to enter into sympathy with the thoughts and labors of God.

II. A practical inference, moreover, of considerable importance, derived from the truth that a State is grown and not made, may be found in the fact that growth proceeds quietly in times of peace. In its nature, growth is neither turbulent nor demonstrative. Indeed, so unostentatiously are its processes carried on as to escape the detection of all, except the most careful observer. The pages of history contain chiefly the annals of revolutions, but such principles are only contended for in war as have been grown in peace.* It is a rude and spiritless controversy when the parties to it do not know what it is about. The diary of a collegian may contain the date of his matriculation and of his graduation; but the significance of these is only relative to that process of discipline and that informing of the mind, over against the acquisition of which no date can be affixed, for what is valuable is slowly acquired and gradually manifested. So with the

by a set of presumptuous men like the assembly of pettifoggers run mad in Paris.

‘ ‘Tis not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay.’

It is the result of the thoughts of many minds in many ages.’’—
The Works of Edmund Burke. Vol. iii., p. 209.

* ‘ ‘The period [before the revolution] abounded in new forms of virtue and greatness. Fidelity to principle pervaded the masses. In every hand was the Bible; every home was a house of prayer. Child of the Reformation, closely connected with the past centuries and with the greatest struggles of mankind, New England has been planted by enthusiasts who feared no sovereign but God.’’ — Bancroft’s History of the United States. (Centenary Ed.) Vol. iii., pp. 11, 98.

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annals of a nation. Public sentiment determines the character of future events during those periods of unobtrusive growth which furnish fewest materials for the historian. The annalist takes knowledge of popular opinion in the light of its *event*. The statesman has the more difficult task of dealing with a prevalent feeling with *reference* to its event. "But what do we mean by the American Revolution?" said John Adams. "Do we mean the American war? The revolution was effected before the war commenced. The revolution was in the minds and hearts of the people,—a change in their religious sentiments, of their duties and obligations. This radical change in the principles, opinions, sentiments, and affections of the people was the real American Revolution."* There is, then, the necessity of adopting a policy in times of peace as well as in times of war. It will not aim immediately at expression, but will first foster and develop those sentiments which determine all subsequent events.

When a law is to be given, and the people are nervously awaiting the appearance of the giver, it is something to be able to say, "I am not he, but there cometh another." When a measure on our part is prepared for adoption, it requires a share of heavenly wisdom to wait for the fullness of the time to come. To the mind of the Eternal Law-giver there has been no new feature introduced into the plan of salvation since time began. But the scheme is not at once disclosed. It is a sign of weakness

*Works of John Adams. Vol. x., pp. 282-4.

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when thoughts are expressed so soon as conceived. On the heavenly side everything is prepared, but man's mind is an unwritten tablet. He is inexperienced, untaught, untried. He does not know in its measure what his need is, and what holiness is, as distinguished from untried innocence. Transgression must become heinous by the character of the penalties attached. Dependence on God must be learned by wanderings in the wilderness. Religious sentiments and methods of expression must be learned by a minute divine ceremonial. Men must come to worship God in the beauty of holiness by the attractive observances of the ancient temple service. When the consummate terminal flower is produced, we must not ignore that stem along which the sap and beauty were carried up for its adornment; for we only know how much that flower expresses by the knowledge of the grounds whence it sprung, and the blessing of the fragrance it sheds abroad in all the earth.

The legislator of the Christian era may learn a lesson from the divine Law-giver, who produces first a sentiment, and awakes a sense of need. He quickens desire before supplying its object. "*Wilt thou be made whole?*" is the first step in the divine process. So in seeking to heal the impotence of society, following in the steps of Omniscience, government will effect first a wholesome sentiment on the part of the people. The first work must be wrought in *them*. They cannot be healed in spite of themselves. Until they feel the need of purification

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they cannot be cleansed. There can be no reform before they demand reform. Good government is not practicable until, on all sides, it is desirable. It represents not the *ideal*, but the *actual* sentiments of the people. While the government is for the people, it is still *by* the people. Like a Greek palimpsest, every law is underwritten with "*we the people.*" King Saul, taking the best of everything to himself, his officers and servants, and Barabbas the robber, were once the multitude's choice. Now and then a righteous law has been repealed or modified because the people were not ready for its enforcement. The masses are slowly affected. The inertia of the body-politic is like the inertia of matter; before a body can be brought to a given velocity, this velocity must be impressed upon every particle of matter it contains.

There are agitators in every community who cannot bide the time of ripened fruit, but by violent and irregular action would prematurely strip the laden boughs of a coming harvest, to cover only with windfalls the lap of expectant earth. The fruits of righteousness are not procured by accident, nor manufactured to order in a trice. Nature's law is first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. Comprehensive statesmanship observes this law of growth. It sows the seed, and then patiently works and waits for the harvest. It seeks to inform the public mind. It brings the means of general intelligence within the reach of the lowest classes. It addresses itself, not to the enmity

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of an opposing faction, but to the understanding which it seeks withal to enlighten. It spares no pains to secure the observance of our public anniversaries, and to keep alive the patriotic sentiments of our fathers. It makes men so thoroughly believe in the nation that they will die for its preservation. It trains the youth to an intense love of country, recognizing the nation as greater even than the State. It detects in these times of financial distress and of mutual distrust, a tendency to forego considerations of sentiment for those of necessity. It is ingenious in devices to attract attention to our noble institutions, which have grown so quietly and so beautifully great that we pass under their grateful shade, unmindful of their fair and time-honored proportions. It puts a patriotic and elevated literature into the hands of all its wards. It jealously guards the sabbath and recognizes the helpfulness of the church. It seeks to engage in a *preventive* ministry, to anticipate and avert possible disasters. It loves to preserve and strengthen virtue as well as to reform vice. It will supplant institutions that are reformatory by those that are conservatory. Our Saviour had compassion on the multitude, and interposed a miracle, not to restore the already famished, but with tender thoughtfulness of the people He asserted His divine power *lest* they faint in the way. The love for the people which is Christ-like is of ready expedients for the work of prevention, as well as the work of redemption. The popular cry for retrenchment may induce a false economy. One

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may be too poor to be economical. Doors of industry will be closed only to make enlarged accommodations for vagrancy. It is not popular legislation which makes appropriations for what does not already exist,— only to forestall what may come to exist,— but it is wise legislation. The people must be brought to *see* that of which the statesman already has *views*. Aiming at what is to be ultimately accomplished, he works first with secondary causes. He produces that which, in turn, will produce the result. He is a superintendent of growth. An election indicates only its stages of progress. A vote measures the man who casts it, as well as the man whose name it bears. One can be above bidding for votes, when, if he has a righteous cause, he can *grow* them; and nothing is more worthy of a citizen. “Voting,” it is well said, “changes no opinions. It only records them.” The election day might become, even politically considered, the least important day of the year, as the evening hour in which a dealer counts his gains is of less significance than the busy hours in which he earned them. “Republics abound in young civilians,” says one of our own philosophers, “who believe that the laws make the city; that commerce, education, and religion may be voted in or out; but the wise know that the State must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen, and that the form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it. The law is only a memorandum. The history of the State

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sketches in coarse outline the progress of thought, and follows at a distance the delicacy of culture and of aspiration.”*

III. Furthermore, we may reach the conclusion that every generation may obtain substantial claim upon the respect and veneration of its descendants. In the animal kingdom man alone is characterized by a continuous collective growth from one generation to another.† He alone cherishes veneration for antiquity. He alone can effect permanently by his thought and action all the individuals which compose the race which he represents. “Not only each man advances daily in the sciences,” says Pascal, “but all men unitedly make a never-ceasing progress in them; so that the whole succession of human beings during the course of so many ages ought to be considered as one identical man, who subsists always and learns without end.” In transmitting an inheritance enriched and defended by so many generations, in becoming the connecting link between such a history and such a manifest destiny, the guardians of our Commonwealth require alike the spirit of the true conservative and the spirit of the true reformer.

The conservative renders secure all the things so dearly acquired. As a superintendent of growth, he possesses the requisite spirit of patience. He finds no other such instructive lesson in history as is

*Essay on Politics: Emerson's Prose Works, vol. i., p. 521-2.

†“Man reflects upon his reflection; thinks on his thoughts; makes the mind itself the subject of its inquiry.” — Lieber's Polit. Eth., vol. i., p. 11.

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learned from the abortive attempts which have always been making to anticipate growth. He knows the futility of immature procedure. To adopt a measure before its time is to kill the project, and to bring it into universal disfavor. With what emphasis do our annals speak of the folly of trying to incorporate a thing that does not exist, and supporting it with an influence which had not been acquired.

But, as well as the conservative, the age demands the work of the true reformer. Legislation, in an important sense, is a process of elimination. It grows by discontinuance.

The development of grander principles relieves the necessity of inferior laws, as emancipation abrogates all statutes pertaining to the relation of slaves. By comparing the early enactments of the colonies with the present statutes, we see how many laws are dispensed with, and petty requirements outgrown. Advancing civilization increases the number of persons in every community who have ceased to feel the restraints of government. They need no longer to be bound by the ancient tether. Old forms are now outgrown; but that is a matter of the body, and not of the spirit. The body is constantly changing its expression, and this mortal shall put on immortality; but whatever the changes, still it is the old spirit. We cannot give up the *old*. We welcome with delight the *new*. Preserving in its purity the spirit, we will improve and beautify with every excellent adornment a temple for its indwelling.

When a temple was to be reared at Jerusalem,

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King David, a man of war, collected the materials out of which King Solomon, a man of peace, built the house.

The granite slabs from Sinai, inscribed with the ten commandments, lay within the Ark of the Covenant in the Holy of Holies. "There was nothing in the ark save these." While the sceptre of Aaron's priesthood is lost, God's law remains, and the house is filled with a cloud, for the glory of the Lord filled it. So, in rearing a political structure, the sons of royal fathers take up an unfinished task. The great buildings of God are not completed in one generation. Like magnificent cathedrals, they are eloquent with the story of toils and sacrifices in other ages than our own. Who shall tell whence all the materials have been gathered! Who shall name the multitude of the builders who, with differences of administrations and diversities of gifts, have been actuated by the Self-same Spirit, the God of our fathers — who endureth forever! Who shall conceive the glory of the structure if the Holy One accepts and establishes the work of our hands because it has been but the intrenchment of the covenant which in love He has made with His people, and in the innermost place the sacredness of law is guarded, like the commandments, by the very cherubim of God!

The statesmen now assembled for the supplication of divine guidance and helpfulness are called of God to contribute something toward the upbuilding and inbuilding, the completion and adornment, of

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a temple that shall stand when they are gathered to their fathers.*

The responsible work assigned to the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth falls into no unskilful nor untried hands. The Commonwealth congratulates herself today that the chair occupied by such devotion to our interests, and by such conscientious and independent adherence to convictions of duty, is still held and adorned by one so honored in the state, beloved in the church, and respected in the community. May it please His Excellency the Governor to accept the most respectful salutations of Christian citizenship in view of his repeated call to the highest office in the gift of this people!

And may it please His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Honorable Council, to become the chosen favorites of God as well as of men, for they are ordained of God to be ministers to the people for good!

And may it please the Honorable Senators and the assembled Representatives of the people to become co-workers with the great Lawgiver, in making ordinances for the people; and in their arduous and oftentimes thankless service, may it be an inspiration that they are laborers together with God!

* "All members of parliament must die, but parliament dieth not. In short, 'the king never dies,' means that the chancery does not die with the chancellor, the fleet with the admiral, the bank with the director, the city with the mayor, the people with their ruler." — Lieber's Political Ethics, vol. i., p. 294.

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Appendix

The Topeka Daily Capital, quotes largely from the Commencement Address, *The Scholar's Larger Life*, and ends by saying, "As Mr. Scoville, the president of the board of Trustees, said, this was an address well worth crossing a state to hear, and well worth crossing these broad United States to deliver."

"One of the best addresses ever heard in this city."

"Of much interest, to the large audience."—*The Vergennes Vermonter*.

"The annual oration, beyond question the most eloquent and able address ever delivered before the graduates, was that presented before a crowded house."—*The News Letter*.

"If any recent literary performance has come up to the level of the article on George Whitefield, then it is a certain address (*The Scholar's Larger Life.*) from the same out-welling heart. I take it this is a chapter of a book, and I prophesy that a book of the same quality will find numberless readers. Still I do not believe it possible for any uninspired modern to sustain that high note through a volume. Do it, and be immortal! I drank in that superb academic address. I had it read aloud to the family the same night. Put enough other good things with it to make a volume, and give me a chance as a reviewer.

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People used to hint that, I could hit it off on an academic occasion, but I never came within gun-shot of that 'Larger Life,' "—*J. Irving Manatt, Late Chancellor University of Nebraska, Consul at Athens, and Professor of Greek, Brown University.*

"There is beauty of style in the brilliant article."
—*Rev. Wm. M. Ferris.*

"In grace and elegance of diction, in perspicacity of expression, and wealth of graphic descriptive power, the article on George Whitefield is altogether admirable. To say that Dr. Hill has fully risen to the height of his grand subject is to do his effort but simple justice."—*Salem Gazette.*

"The subject is one that has enlisted the pens of a multitude of writers: but Dr. Hill's treatment of his theme is such (as might naturally be expected) as to invest the nearly two-page sketch with a peculiar charm."—*Salem Evening News.*

"Dr. Hill's Jubilee Address is valuable as a historical paper and moreover is a most excellent literary production that reflects honor on the man who delivered it and the college to which he is attached. There are a few jangles in the solemn and sweet music amid its eloquent passages where it unduly exalts John Brown, but aside from this it is a paper that will compel admiration not only among contemporaneous readers but deserves and will no doubt receive just praise through future generations. It is historical and reminiscent of the war period, and of the part taken by Grinnell College in the war and its tributes to the students who offered their lives to the country,

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are just, picturesquely expressed and withal in faultless English. The institution that can boast of such students as Grinnell College presented to the army of the Union and such a chronicler as Dr. Hill, is to be congratulated.”—*Ottumwa Democrat*.

“It has not been the province of this Post to ever have, since its organization, such an oration delivered to them, and Sir, it stirred the same feeling of patriotism in our hearts that caused us to leave our homes in '61-'65! You have made for yourself a warm place in the hearts of the members of Post 66, G. A. R.”—*Headquarters S. C. Lawrence Post 66 G. A. R.*

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